

And so the Hunter fell in love with the Wolf
by complete-randomalities

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Summary: Haven wanted to go back to Beacon Hills & tell Allison that she was alive. Sadly it didn't go as planned. Haven did get back to Beacon Hills but it wasn't what she remembered. In fact, she didn't remember it at all. Haven Parker, 20, ceased to exist when she arrived in this other universe. She became Haven Argent again, but now she's a teen & not just Allison's sister, but her twin.

1. There are those bats again

"Haven!" A voice called out to her, "Come on! We're going to be late!" Haven heard the words but she didn't want to react to them. Sleep was almost nonexistent for her that night. The same images flashed over and over in her head. The previous evening, she and her mom were out for a drive and they almost hit someone that ran across the road. Haven, against her mother's wishes, had run out to check on them. Of course, they didn't find whoever it was but for some reason that event had given Haven a sleepless night.

Alas, morning had come and it was time to properly function. Haven grumbled and threw off her blankets, stretching out a bit as she did. Rubbing her eyes, she climbed out of bed and walked past her dresser mirror. The image in the corner of her eye ceased her walking...Something wasn't right. Haven quickly stepped back in front of the mirror and shock moved through her body. She didn't look like she knew she was supposed to. She looked too young, this wasn't right. Haven came back to Beacon Hills to see Allison one last time, and this wasn't how she looked before. Right when this realization set in, all memory of who she was wiped away. All that remained was the teenage Haven Argent looking back at her in the mirror.

"Haven, come on. Do you really want to be late on our first day?" Allison asked from the doorway.

Haven turned to her sister and shook her head, "No, definitely not." She and Allison exchanged their silly expressions before Haven turned

back to the mirror. There was something off settling about her reflection, but she ignored it and went ahead to get ready for the first day at Beacon Hills High school.

Haven quickly threw on a pair of jeans, a loose fitting blouse, and her high top sneakers before running down the stairs. She literally almost ran into Chris, "Morning, dad! Can't talk, running late." She dashed past him, caught the pop tart that Allison tossed to her and the sisters headed out the door. "Bye, mom!" Haven called out, closing the door behind her.

Chris and Victoria watched them dart off to school out the window, and Chris chuckled.

"What's so amusing?" Victoria asked, looking at her husband with raised brows.

"The twins." Chris answered like it was the most thing in the world.

Victoria grinned a bit because she knew exactly what Chris meant. Her grin faltered when a thought crossed her mind.

Chris recognized this look and wrapped his arm around her, "Haven will be fine. Allison won't let anything happen to her."

While she knew this was true, she couldn't help but worry about Haven. After all, Haven was the only Argent that didn't know the family secret.

Out at the car, the twins were making the final preparations before driving off. "They're staring at us." Haven waved at her parents then turned to Allison, "Don't they trust us to make it to school on time?"

"Me, oh yeah. You, not so much." Allison replied teasingly, causing Haven to swat her in reply.

On the drive to school the twins speculated what their classes and what not might be like. "I hope you'll at least try to make some friends." Allison looked at her sister briefly before bringing her eyes back to the road.

"You sound like mom." Haven replied with a bit of an eye roll. "I like not having friends. Why is that so hard to believe?"

Allison didn't answer and just sighed a little, pulling into a parking spot at the school. "Will you at least behave?" She asked, hoping for a bit of a compromise.

"No promises." Haven wiggled her eyebrows with a grin and laughed when Allison rolled her eyes in reply.

The twins walked towards the school when Haven's phone rang, "Go ahead, I'll catch up." Haven told Allison before taking a seat on a bench to search for her phone.

"Alright, I'll see you inside." Allison walked off and called over her shoulder, "Tell mom I said hi."

Haven rolled her eyes once again and finally found her phone, "Hey mom, you know you really didn't have to call. Oh and Allison says hi...Yeah, mom, I know...Everything's fine except..." Haven started digging through her bag, "I forgot a pen. How could I have forgotten a pen?" She ran her hand through her hair, listening to her mom on the other end of the line, "Yeah, I know. I gotta go, Allison is coming over with some dude in a suit...I know, mom. Love ya."

She ended the phone call with her mother and stood up as Audrey and the Principal approached. "I thought there were two new students joining us today." He said in greeting, "Please, follow me."

Haven adjusted the strap over her shoulder and followed behind Allison and the Principal. She didn't chime in when he asked about where they moved from and let her twin take over that conversation. Haven didn't feel the need to talk about San Francisco and how it was weird that they lived there for over a year.

The Principal led them to their first class, one that they happened to share. He took the liberty to introduce them, "Class, these are our new students Allison and Haven Argent." He gestured to whom he was referring to when named. "Please do your best to make them feel welcome." On that note, he left the class, allowing the twins to take their seats.

Haven saw an empty seat in the back corner and made an attempt to head straight for it. Unfortunately, Allison caught onto her sister's plan and quickly claimed that seat for herself. It wasn't that Allison particularly wanted that seat, but she was trying to get Haven to sit anywhere else but the back corner.

The only other available seat was in the middle of the classroom, right behind a cute boy with dark hair and a slightly uneven jawline. Haven kept her head down, trying hard not to make eye contact with anyone as she reluctantly took the seat behind him. Suffice it to say, Haven didn't really do well in social settings. She didn't know it, well at least she didn't remember it, but Haven Parker at this age was exactly the same...when she was sober that is. But that is a story for another time...

Haven turned around to hang her bag on the back of her seat and when she faced forward, the cute boy in front of her was holding out a pen. This surprised her for a couple different reasons, "Thanks." she accepted the pen with a little smile. She felt a blush rise to her cheeks when the boy kept eye contact for an extra moment before turning forward.

Haven looked over at her sister when she heard a 'psst' sound and mouthed 'Stop' when Allison pointed at the boy in front of her and whispered, "He's cute." Allison's wink gave Haven a facepalm moment before she started to pay attention. All the while she couldn't stop wondering how he knew she didn't have a pen. Or maybe that was just his way of saying hi, either way...Haven was keeping the pen.

Class proceeded, Haven actually took some notes, and before she knew it the bell rang. Somehow she made it out of there before anyone else. One thing Haven couldn't stand was waiting in line to get out of class. The congestion of students trying to get out of a doorway made Haven feel claustrophobic.

After thankfully getting her locker open on the first try, Haven tied up her wavy brunette hair into a messy bun and stuck the pen through her hair for safe keeping. She felt like someone was staring at her and she was right. Haven turned around and saw the boy from class down the hall at his own locker. "I'm keeping it." She gave him fair warning and pointed to the pen in her messy bun so there wouldn't be any confusion. Seeing that he looked confused as to why she was talking to him or that she was actually talking to him, made her chuckle.

Her chuckle soon turned into a gasp when Allison snuck up behind her and poked her in the ribs. "Good god, Alli! You gave me a heart attack!" She swatted at her sister for that.

Allison laughed and leaned against the row of lockers, "You should go talk to him. He was nice enough to give you a pen and all."

"Oh yes, my knight in shining armor." Haven replied sarcastically with yet another signature eye roll.

Their conversation was cut short when a strawberry blonde came over and looked as if she was examining them. "Those shoes don't go with that blouse." the girl said to Haven then turned to Allison, "But that jacket is killer. Where did you get it?"

Haven ignored the newcomer and went back to her locker, pretending like she was doing something since she couldn't exactly make a quick getaway.

Allison answered the girl's question, "Our mom was a buyer for a boutique in San Francisco."

"And you are my new best friend." The girl stated with a wide smile, pointing at Allison.

"Make me hurl." Haven meant for that to be quiet, but due to her head pretty much being in her locker, it echoed.

"Are you always this prickly?" The girl asked, not amused by Haven's statement.

"Only around fashion conscious nitwits." Haven shot back, closing her locker.

"_Haven_." Allison gave her sister a warning look for that. "Please try and behave."

"Don't know the definition." Haven retorted with a grin.

"Obviously not." The girl stated, pursing her lips.

When Haven tried to make a getaway, a guy that she'd peg for a jock came over and kissed the strawberry blonde chick. Haven heard third hand that the chick was named Lydia and the guy was Jackson. "Excuse me." She was snippy with her words, and just wanted to get as far away from them as possible. "Have fun." Haven said to her sis in passing and headed down the hall.

Haven walked past Pen Boy, another buy from class, and a girl, just as the girl was saying, "Can anyone tell me how the new girls are

here for five minutes and already hanging with Lydia's clique."

"My sister has a magnetic personality." Haven interjected, causing the girl who had spoken to get startled, "As for me, I'd rather scratch my own eyes out than hang with them." Without another word, Haven continued on her way, feeling better that whatever funk she was finding herself in this morning was wearing off and she was finally being herself.

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><p>The rest of the school day was, well, normal. Nothing to report really, which surprised Haven to no end. She actually made it through a whole school day without getting sent to the principal's office. How bizarre was that. Haven should have known that it wasn't going to last long. Not the getting sent to the principal part, but the normal part.<p>

Haven didn't even get as far as the front door before Allison caught up with her. "You're coming with me." Allison pretty much ordered, taking her sister's hand and pulling her along.

"I wasn't there, I didn't do it, and you can't prove it anyway." Haven replied, all the while deliberately making it hard for Allison to pull her along. "Where are you dragging me off to anyway?"

"We're going to watch the lacrosse practice with Lydia." Allison replied, not about to stop pulling her sister along despite how challenging it was starting to become.

"Oh come on. Lydia is so not the kind of person I'd hang out with." Haven retorted.

"How would you know miss loner pants?" Allison stopped and raised her brow. "I promised mom and dad that I'd make sure you socialized today. You don't have social anxiety or anything like that, so I agreed. Now, you're coming with me whether you like it or not."

Haven pulled her hand back and crossed her arms, "Give me one good reason why I should."

"The boy who gave you the pen is on the team." Allison informed her sister with a knowing smile.

Haven narrowed her eyes, "You're evil."

Allison shrugged and smiled, "I know. Now, come on!" She took back her sister's hand and continued to pull a far less reluctant Haven out to the lacrosse field.

Haven was torn because she really did kinda want to watch Pen Boy practice, but she didn't want to be around Allison's new friend just as much. That feeling was apparently mutual since Lydia did not seem too pleased that Haven was sitting with them.

"How is it possible that you two are sisters? I just don't see it." Lydia spoke as the Argent girls sat down the on the bleachers.

"She's the evil twin." Allison replied, and without missing a beat Haven added, "But only part of the time."

"True." Allison added in and the sisters laughed.

Lydia looked at them with wide eyes, "You are twins? Seriously?" she shook her head at them, "I don't see it."

"It wouldn't be the first time someone's told us that." Allison replied, not really bothered by it. It was kinda funny though how so many people thought Haven was Kate's kid given how they looked so much alike. Weird how genes work.

Haven tuned out the conversation that went on between Allison and Lydia, and just looked out onto the field. She grinned a bit when Scott came into view and he smiled at her. Haven pulled the pen from her hair and wiggled it saying, "Mine." Seeing Pen Boy chuckle at that gave her bats in her stomach. Butterflies was so not a strong enough term for what she felt in that moment.

Watching him head towards the goal, Haven leaned over Allison and tapped Lydia's knee to get her attention, "Hey, what's his name?" she pointed over to goalie.

Lydia looked over and tilted her head in thought, "I'm not sure who he is. Why?"

"I can't keep calling him Pen Boy in my head." Haven replied, moving back to her seat.

"He's in our English class." Allison clarified giving Lydia an 'ah' expression in reply.

Haven turned her attention back to the practice and winced when Pen Boy got hit right in the face with a lacrosse ball. "Helmet or not, that's gotta be a pain." She bit her upper lip in annoyance when everyone around laughed at the event. "Seriously? Laughing at someone like that isn't cool." Haven crossed her arms, "And this is why I don't like jocks."

The only good thing that came out of the laughter and taunts was that Haven heard someone call Pen Boy, McCall. At least she had a last name for him now. Still, that didn't stop her from wanting to punch the creeps that laughed at him.

"Go McCall!" Haven shouted from the stands and shrugged with a smirk when the girls looked at her oddly.

She watched as McCall caught a ball and then another, one right after the next. "Wow...I gotta admit, he's good."

"Really good." Lydia and Allison both concurred to that fact.

Haven couldn't help but be amused at the fact that McCall, who had been hit in the face with the ball at the beginning of practice now appeared to be the best player on the team. She was amused because she was thinking that he had planned the whole thing so they'd underestimate him.

"Someone doesn't look happy." Allison pointed to Jackson who was now

charging towards Scott to take a shot.

"Jackson is the best player on the team." Lydia informed them as they watched the ball fly towards McCall. Haven couldn't believe that she was actually this anxious to see what happened and when McCall caught it, Haven shot up from her seat and cheered.

With laughter coating her voice she said, "Guess not." referring to what Lydia had previously said about Jackson. Lydia looked pissed at her audacity to say such a thing and Allison had placed a hand over her mouth to hide her laughing smile.

* * *

><p>"Lydia looked soooo pissed." Allison said to Haven as they walked to the car after practice.<p>

"I _know_." Haven emphasized with amusement. "And that was the end of a beautiful day."

"Really? You're quoting that two dead men got up to play poem?" Allison raised her brow at her sister before getting into the car.

"You know me. All weird, all the time." Haven answered, clicking her seat belt.

"Well I gotta say that I'm glad you seem more of yourself now. This morning you were a bit out of it." Allison noticed it the second she saw her sis that morning.

"I blame it on the lack of sleep." Haven answered and pulled the pen out of her hair to slip it into her backpack.

"You're not going to go all Helga on me with that thing, are you?" Allison adjusted the rear view mirror and pulled out of the parking spot.

"No, Alli. I'm not going to build a shrine around the pen. Good lord." Haven rolled her eyes for the millionth time that day and the twins got a pretty good laugh out of that 'Hey, Arnold' reference.

"Oh, by the way, you're coming with me to a party on Friday night." Allison waited until that moment to tell her about it.

"Yeah, no. That's not happening." Haven was adamant about that.

"We'll see." Allison retorted, grinning.

"No, there is no 'we'll see'. I'm _not _going." Haven was even firmer with her tone this time around.

When Allison ignored her twin and turned on the radio, Haven spoke louder, "I'm serious. I'm not going."

"Don't you just love this song?" Allison asked, turning up the volume.

Haven shook her head at her sister, "It's apparently your turn for being the evil twin."

"Love you too." Allison replied and continued on their way.

Once they got home, Haven went upstairs to start working on homework, which was surprising given her past track record but she was doing it anyway. While Haven was up there, Allison was downstairs with her parents.

"Anything interesting happen at school today?" Victoria asked, turning away from the counter to face her daughter.

"I think Haven has a crush. He's on the lacrosse team and is very good. Like..._very_ good." Allison replied, sipping on her juice.

"Good in human standards or beyond that?" Chris asked, chiming in on the conversation.

"I'm pretty sure he's just naturally that good. Especially since he got hit in the face by the first ball." Allison didn't think he was a werewolf. "I'll keep an eye on them though, just in case."

Victoria was pleased to hear this, "Good. She's too young to know about what we do. You are an exception, Allison, so don't take offense."

"Wasn't going to." Allison replied, "Besides, after I saw what you guys do on the side, it's not like you could keep the family secret from me any longer."

"She has a point there." Chris remembered that night a few years ago and they've been training Allison in hunting ever since.

Victoria looked at Allison, "Go upstairs and ask your sister what she'd like for dinner."

"I'm on it." And with that, Allison left the kitchen.

Once she was off, mama and papa Argent had a little chat, "Don't you think we should start Haven's training?" Chris asked, even though he knew his wife's answer.

"No." Victoria answered firmly, "She has too much of a temper and is far too immature to handle it."

"I believe Haven is stronger than you give her credit for." Chris kissed his wife's forehead before adding, "But alright. I'll let you decide when the time is right."

"Thank you." Victoria replied, "Now get out of my kitchen." she shoed him along with the knife in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am." Chris backed away with his hands up in surrender and chuckled.

Victoria set the knife down and let out a breath. She couldn't explain it, but she didn't feel the same way about Haven becoming a hunter that she did with Allison. Even if the elder twin (by a few

minutes) didn't see what happened, Victoria still would have thought she was ready for training. But the thought of Haven becoming a hunter...it terrified her.

* * *

><p>After a supper that was filled with conversation about the day, Haven wanted to head into town. "Please, please, please please!" Haven begged her sister with clasped hands and even went so far as to get on her knees.<p>

Allison, sitting on her bed, kept shaking her head at her sister's request. "No way, Haven. You totaled your car, so what makes you think that I will loan you mine?"

"Hey, I paid my dues and I even took Driver's Ed classes again." Haven got up to her feet and sat down beside Allison, "Alli, I am begging you. I was literally on my knees like ten seconds ago. I just want to go buy a couple things in town. Please?"

Allison finally gave in and sighed, "Fine, but my car better be in one piece when you get back." she reached into her bag and tossed Haven the keys.

"Thank you!" Haven exclaimed, catching them. "I will even fill up the tank." She gave Alli a grateful kiss on the cheek and took off out of the room and down the stairs to head into town.

The drive to the store went easily enough but on the way home...not so much. Haven took her eyes off the road for one second and when her eyes returned to the road, there was a dog right in front of her. Even with slamming on the brakes, the car didn't stop in time and she accidentally hit the dog. "No, no, no." Haven quickly unbuckled and got out to check on the animal. "I'm so sorry!" She exclaimed then remembered passing an animal clinic a little ways back so she carefully picked up the animal and put it in the hatch of Allison's SUV.

"You'll be okay, buddy. I promise." Haven spoke to the small dog as she drove through the rain to the animal clinic. As if the night couldn't get any worse.

Haven's memory was right, she did pass an animal clinic, thank goodness. She didn't care that the sign on the door said closed, she knocked on the door several times. When no one came, she pounded a bit frantically, "I see lights on, I know someone's in there!" Haven called out, continually praying that she didn't end up killing the dog. She didn't realize it, but she was crying.

When McCall opened the door, she didn't even process that it was him and just started talking, "You have to help the dog, it came out of nowhere, I didn't mean to hit it!"

"Hey, it's okay." Scott was comforting when he spoke to her. "Where is it so I can call animal control."

"It's in my car." Haven answered quickly, "Not my car, my sister's car. It's in the car!" She rushed over to where she parked, with McCall right behind her, and opened the hatch. The dog was not happy to see them, it barked and growled. Haven jumped fifty feet, at least

that's what it felt like, and McCall held onto her.

"Are you okay?" He asked, genuinely concerned. When Haven nodded, he added, "He's just scared."

"Yeah, well, that makes two of us." She replied, wrapping her arms around herself.

"I'll see if I have any better luck." McCall moved closer to the dog, and Haven said, "Be careful." The last thing she wanted was for him to get bit when trying to help her.

McCall didn't have a problem with the dog, it seemed to calm right down when he approached. "Magic touch with animals, no wonder you work here." She had to admit, it was pretty impressive.

She followed him into the clinic, with the dog in his arms, and waited anxiously for him to look the animal over. While McCall had the dog on the exam table, Haven bit her nails and voiced what she was worried about, "He's not going to die right? I didn't kill him?"

"I think his leg is broken, but he's not going to die." He replied and Haven felt so relieved. "I've seen the doctor do a splint a million times. I can do it myself and give him a pain killer for now." He continued then looked at a shivering Haven. "I have a shirt in my bag." McCall offered.

"First a pen, then a shirt, careful there McCall, I just might end up keeping everything you own." Haven teased in reply.

McCall chuckled and got the shirt, "I bet it'd look better on you anyway." He handed it to her and added, "It's Scott, by the way."

Haven accepted the shirt with a smile, "Haven." she replied to his introduction then pulled off her shirt right there, laughing when Scott seemed to blush and look away. "I'm wearing a sports bra, Scott. Same thing I wear when I go jogging." That was the only reason why she was taking off the shirt in his presence. She found it cute when Scott still averted his eyes.

After pulling on Scott's dry, long sleeve shirt, she rubbed her arms again. "You can look now. And thanks for doing this. I feel so stupid." Haven ran her hand through her wet locks.

Scott started working on the splint, "Why?" he asked, turning his attention to her.

"Because I freaked out like a little princess and I am so not a little princess." Haven answered with a shake to her head. It was embarrassing for her because she never acted like that.

"What are you then?" Scott asked with a smile.

"I'm a tough, little cookie." Haven popped a pretend collar then added with a shrug, "At least I thought I was."

Scott made an attempt to make her feel better, "Hey, I'd freak out too. In fact, I think I'd probably cry. And not like a man either,

like the biggest girly girl ever."

Haven laughed at the thought of it, "Shut up, you wouldn't."

"Oh, no, I would. Seriously." Scott retorted, laughing along with her. "It'd be pathetic."

Haven moved some hair behind her ear with a smile. She was actually enjoying her conversation with Scott McCall, who had just finished with the dog's splint.

"He's all set." Scott informed her, "And I bet he'd actually let you pet him now."

Haven was reluctant to do that, "I don't know...he's probably still pissed at me."

"It'll be fine." He assured her, "Come on, you wouldn't want him to sue, would you?"

Haven chuckled, "You're a loon." she meant that in the best possible way. With a deep breath, Haven reached out towards the dog but quickly recoiled. She looked at Scott who gave her the reassurance she needed, and with another breath she fully reached out and pet the dog. The dog laid there on the table, happily accepting the petting.

"See, he likes you." Scott looked at Haven and lingered with his looks for a few moments too long.

"What?" Haven asked, wondering what Scott was staring at.

Quickly looking away, he said, "It's nothing there's just...there's an eyelash on your cheek."

Haven wiped her cheek with her hand, "Did I get it?"

Scott shook his head then reached out and softly brushed away the eyelash with his thumb.

There went the bats in her stomach again. Haven ignored them and cleared her throat, "Make a wish."

"What?" Scott asked, not sure what she meant.

"Make a wish." Haven repeated, "You make wishes on fallen eyelashes." It sounded lame when she explained it like that, but Scott did it anyway.

He closed his eyes for a couple moments and when he opened them, he asked, "Now what?"

"Blow." Haven replied and Scott did as she was told. He lifted up his thumb and blew the eyelash off. "So, what did you wish for?" Haven asked, naturally curious.

"Isn't there a rule against telling people your wishes?" Scott inquired with a mildly furrowed brow.

Haven snapped her fingers in an 'awe shucks' manner, "You got me

there." she replied and the pair shared another laugh.

Once the time was realized, Haven said, "I better get going. My sister will have my head if I don't get her car back on time."

Scott didn't want her to be late, so after settling the dog in, he walked Haven out to the car. Haven was just opening up the driver's door when he started to ask, "I was wondering...I mean if you're not busy...would you like to go to Lydia's party with me on Friday?"

Haven looked like a deer caught in the headlights in that moment. She would never admit it if asked, but this was the first time she had been asked out on a date. Like a real date not just a 'let's go hang with a group' or something. Finally, Haven answered him, "Okay."

Scott looked surprised and pleased to hear her say that, "Yeah? Seriously?"

"Yeah." Haven replied with a more sure tone and a smile, "I'd love to."

"Awesome." Scott was practically beaming and Haven, once again, thought he was too cute.

"I'll see you." Haven gave Scott another smile before getting into her car and heading home.

Luckily Haven made it back in time so she didn't get in hot water with her twin. While the girls were brushing their teeth before bed, Haven told Allison about 'running into' Scott. She deliberately left out the part about hitting the dog.

After doing a gargle spit, Allison looked over at her sis, "Hold up, little miss loner pants is going on a date?"

"Shut up." Haven replied, with toothbrush in mouth.

"Oh, no. Not about this, I want all the details." Allison replied, crossing her arms and awaiting what her sister had to say.

Haven did her own gargle spit and wiped off her mouth before replying, "He asked me, I said yes. It's not a big deal." She walked out of the bathroom with Allison right on her tail.

"Uh, for you it is." Allison retorted, following Haven into her bedroom. "Why him?"

"He's cute, and funny, and considerate. I mean, he gave me his extra shirt when he realized I was cold from the rain. He made me laugh and...I liked how I felt around him. I figured it was worth exploring." Haven couldn't believe these words were coming out of her mouth, but there they were.

"Wow." Allison was shocked beyond belief. "Just so you know, I will be interrogating him before your date." She turned around to head to her own room.

"Oh, no. Alli, come on, don't do that." Haven pleaded, following

her.

"If he intends to date my little sister then I need to be sure he's worthy." Allison held her head high when she said that.

"Alli, you are only older by minutes." Haven pointed out, yet again.

"Still counts." Allison answered before giving her sis a peck on the cheek, "Night miss loner no longer pants." and went across the hall to her room.

Haven rolled her eyes, closing the door to her room, then plopped down on her bed. She couldn't help but smile at the thought of her date with Scott and how moving to Beacon Hills just might not be so bad after all.

* * *

><p>"So, I hear someone has a date." Were the first words Haven heard come out of her mother's mouth when she walked into the kitchen for breakfast.<p>

Haven glared at Allison and Victoria continued, "Don't blame your sister. You girls talk louder than you think you do."

"Good to know." Haven muttered in reply, grabbing an orange from the fruit bowl. "Yes, I have a date. No, it's not a big deal. So please don't make a big deal about it."

"Big deal about what?" Chris asked, joining the Argent ladies in the kitchen.

"Nothing." Haven replied, starting to peel her orange.

"Haven has a date." Allison retorted, receiving a swat from Haven because of it.

"Oh really?" Chris asked, pouring himself a cup of coffee. "And who's the lucky fella?"

"Scott McCall." Haven answered, there was no point in lying about it.

"I'll have to run a check on this Scott McCall." Chris grinned at the mortification on Haven's face.

"Dad, no." Haven knew her father would do it, but so didn't want him to. "Allison has already threatened to interrogate him. So please don't do anything."

Chris set his coffee cup on the counter and looked at Allison, "You got this covered?"

Allison saluted their father, "Sure do."

Chris looked at his girls, "Alright then, I expect a full interrogation report." He sounded so serious with his words that Haven honestly couldn't tell if he was being serious about it or not.

"As fun as this is," Haven stated sarcastically, "we have to get to school." After tossing her orange peel in the trash, she gave her parents pecks on the cheek and headed for the door to meet Allison outside.

"Keep an eye on her." That almost came out of Victoria's mouth like an order.

Allison put her bag on her shoulder, "Always do." she replied.

* * *

><p>In English class, Haven was seated behind Scott again. Before class started, Haven tapped him on the shoulder. When he turned around, she held a pen out to him. One that wasn't his.<p>

Scott looked amused by this and accepted the pen. "Does this mean I get one of your shirts too?"

Haven laughed at how it sounded and laughed even more when Scott realized how it might have sounded too. "I don't think you could pull it off." She added with wink then said, "We better behave, class is starting."

She looked over at a boy in the corner of her eye, the same boy that was with Scott the other day. If she remembered correctly his name was Stiles or something like that. Her first thought was that she either heard the name wrong it it was a nickname. Haven honestly couldn't imagine anyone willingly naming their child Stiles.

Anyway, Stiles looked at Scott in question as he waved his finger between the two of them. She had to cover her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing when she heard Allison chime in with, "Yes, they're dating, now pay attention."

Scott turned around and smiled, "You're blushing." he pointed out, which made her blush even more.

"Shut up." Haven said with laughter in her voice and gently shoved Scott's shoulder. "You're distracting me."

Scott grinned at that then the whole class was quiet when the teacher demanded attention. At least the class was quiet for a moment before Haven and Allison both started laughing. The warning glares they received from the teacher quieted them a bit, but even so, they still really wanted to laugh.

* * *

><p>Haven was hoping to catch up with Scott before his practice and when she found him, he seemed to be in the tail end of an argument with Jackson. "Everything okay?" Haven asked as Jackson stormed off.<p>

"He thinks I'm on steroids." Scott adjusted his lacrosse gear before turning to Haven.

"No offense, but you don't look like you're on steroids." Haven replied with a laugh as the two started walking down the hall towards

the field.

"When he asked about juice, I thought he meant juice. He didn't like it when I told him my mom does all the grocery shopping." Scott replied, and stopped when he realized that Haven wasn't following. He turned around to see what was wrong and Haven was bent over. Thinking something was wrong, he asked, "Are you okay?"

Haven finally stood up, eyes teary, face beet red, because she was trying so hard not to laugh, but couldn't keep it in any longer. Haven burst out laughing and after a minute-ish, she finally stopped. "I'm sorry, that's just...that's the greatest thing I have ever heard."

Scott thought Haven was one of the most bizarrely interesting people he had ever met. "Come on, I'm going to be late for practice." He smiled because he wasn't offended by her laughter, in fact, he thought she had a great laugh. It was the kind that was contagious, like you wanted to guffaw right along with her.

Haven took a deep breath and composed herself before walking with Scott once again, "What can I say? It was my turn to be a distraction." She grinned and nudged Scott as they walked out together.

The pair parted ways when they reached the field, Scott joined his teammates and Haven sat with Allison. "Took you long enough." Allison pointed out when Haven finally arrived.

"I was with Scott. He was telling me this hilarious story, I couldn't breathe for a minute there." Haven was still smiling at the whole juice bit.

"It's weird, good, but still weird." Allison admitted, looking at her sister.

"What?" Haven didn't know what she was getting at.

"Seeing you this happy." Allison replied and wrapped her arm around Haven, "I like it."

Haven couldn't argue with that, "Me too."

After their sister moment, they turned their attention to the field. Jackson had just knocked Scott to the ground and that bugged Haven. "Who does that guy think he is?" Haven asked, not expecting an answer, then cupped her hands around her mouth, "Kick his ass, McCall!"

Allison shushed her sister, and Haven just rolled her eyes in reply.

Whether it was Haven's cheer that encourage Scott or what, he started playing a hell of a lot better. Her eyes went wide when Scott leaped over three teammate and got the goal. "Holy shit!" Haven exclaimed with laughter because that was so cool. Seeing Scott do that actually made her miss gymnastics a bit. It was one of the few things she was good at, but like so much else, Allison was better. Haven would never admit it, but that's why she quit.

Pulling herself from her thoughts, she stood up and cheered with the others.

When Practice was over, Haven jumped on Scott's back and gave him a bit of a nuggie, "That was amazing!"

Scott caught Haven and laughed before setting her to her feet, "I can't believe I actually did that."

"Well believe it, there were many witnesses." Haven replied, smiling wide. "I'm not sure what I enjoyed more, when you flipped over those three guys or Jackson's face when he heard you were starting."

Scott thought for a moment. "Both?"

"Oh yeah, definitely both." Haven answered then saw Allison waving her over. "Oh, I better go. Congratulations!" Without even thinking about it, Haven gave Scott a peck on the cheek and ran over to her sister.

Scott was dumbfounded by that act and brought his hand to his cheek, grinning like an idiot.

"I think you broke him." Allison told Haven, pointing over to Scott.

Haven turned and saw Scott expression before he jumped after being yelled at by the Coach. "Oh man." She laughed and faced her sister, "I didn't mean to do that."

"No take backs." Allison replied, "We better get home if you want to be ready in time for the party." she cocked her head for Haven to follow, so she did.

Granted Haven really didn't want to dress up for the party, but then again...she did want to look nice for her date. Oh man, there were those bats again.

* * *

><p>Haven looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head, "No, no. I am not wearing this." It was a knee length, subtle leopard print dress and Allison's green, denim jacket.

"Yes, you are." Allison answered, "Because Scott's probably already here."

Haven looked at the time and gasped. She quickly pulled on her high top combat boots and ran her hands through her hair. "I'll see you there?" She asked, grabbing her purse from the bed.

"Don't look for me, Haven. You're on a date, remember? Last thing either of us want is me being a third wheel." Allison stated matter of factly, knowing that Haven would agree.

"Right." Haven took a breath, "Here it goes." she turned around on her heels and headed downstairs. Allison was right, Scott was already there so she headed right outside. Seeing Scott's awed expression made Haven blush again, despite how much she wished she didn't.

Scott got out of the car and opened the door for Haven, "You look incredible."

"Thank Allison." Haven replied, "It's her outfit." she felt stupid for admitting that, but too late to take it back. Haven didn't think Scott heard her, or if he did it didn't register. He had the same goofy looking grin on his face that he did when she kissed his cheek earlier. "You going to drive or what?" Haven asked from the passenger seat, since Scott was still standing with the door open.

"Oh." He stated, closing the door and went around to the other side. "Sorry. I guess I'm kinda nervous."

"Good nervous or bad nervous?" Haven asked with a curious little smile.

Scott smiled at Haven, "Good."

Haven grinned, "Good to know." She buckled up as Scott put the car into gear and headed to Lydia's house for the party. On the way she gave herself a mental eye roll for how many times they said the word good.

When they arrived, Haven grabbed onto Scott's arm, "Okay, truth time. I've never really been to a party like this before. Actually if the party didn't involve streamers and birthday candles, then I've never been to it."

Scott moved her hand from his arm to his hand and gave it a little squeeze, "Just stick with me and it'll be okay."

Somehow, for some reason, Haven believed him and the pair walked into the party.

There were so many people there, most of whom Haven didn't recognize. She noticed Scott looking, well more like staring at something and asked, "You okay?"

Scott quickly turned his attention to her, "Yeah, I'm fine. Uh...want to dance?"

"Sure." Haven answered and she led him over to the dance area.

The pair laughed, danced, and at once point they got so close that Haven thought they were going to kiss. Haven wanted them to kiss. She made the first move to incline that's what she wanted to do, but Scott looked like he was in pain. "Are you okay?" she asked, moving back to give him some space.

"I'll be back in a minute." Scott replied, clutching his stomach as he moved through the crowd.

Haven stood there, debating whether or not she should follow him. Deciding that she should, she headed that way, only to be cut off by Lydia. "Where's your sister?" She asked.

"Allison said she was coming, but I haven't seen her." Haven answered honestly, "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to find someone." Haven didn't give Lydia a choice in the matter and pushed past her to find

Scott and see if he was okay.

By the time she caught up with Scott, he had gotten into his car and drove off. Haven had no clue what had just happened and felt so stupid. Haven was about to just start walking home when she heard someone say her name, "Haven."

She turned around and saw a guy that looked a few years or so older than her with dark, spikey hair, and a leather jacket. "I'm a friend of Scott's." he continued and approached her, "My name is Derek."

"Okay." Haven answered, holding onto the strap of her purse, "So?"

"Scott's not feeling well, he asked me to give you a ride home." Derek answered and Haven pondered that for a moment before agreeing.

"Fine," she replied, "but I'm packing mace and not afraid to use it." Haven pointed a firm finger at a grinning Derek and followed him to his car.

* * *

><p>Haven was sitting at the kitchen table with a can of soda in her hand when she heard the doorbell. "I'll get it." Victoria called out and went to the door.<p>

The voice coming from the door was a familiar one so she picked up her can and went to see if it was who she thought it was. "Haven, there you are. I think it's for you." Victoria stepped aside for Haven to take over.

Haven looked confused to see Stiles there, "Uh...hi? What are you doing here?"

Stiles was as shocked to see her there as she was confused to see him. "Uh..." Stiles answered in a drawn out way, "Scott's not feeling well so he asked me to come over and apologize."

"Yeah, sure he did." Haven replied, sipping her soda. "You know, you're the second one of Scott's friends to do something because he asked them to. If Scott wants to apologize for ditching me, then he has to do it himself. Good night, Stiles." Haven shut the door before he could get out another word.

Seeing Victoria behind her made her jump, "Jeeze mom, ninja much?"

"Your date ditched you?" She asked, not very pleased to hear that bit of information.

"Apparently he was sick. Whatever, I'm not going to let it bother me." Haven tried to be very convincing with that. "I'm going to watch a movie, g'night mom." she gave her mom a quick kiss on the cheek then headed upstairs to do anything but think of how hurt she was from being ditched.

* * *

><p>Allison was out with her father Chris and a couple other people that night. It was the full moon and all, and that meant it was the time to hunt. The forest was dark and foggy, but with the bright moon above them, it was light enough for Allison to see. And what she could see were two werewolves. She was given the go ahead by her father to fire the first shot. Allison took aim and fired an explosive arrow first to blind them, then a normal arrow followed. Both arrows hit their target, the normal arrow going through the arm of the younger wolf, pinning it to a tree.<p>

"Take him." Chris ordered the others, but before they could do so, they were thrown away and impacted with the trees.

Chris pulled out his gun as Allison aimed her bow. When they saw the wolf was no longer at the tree, Chris signaled for them to split up and hopefully cut them off. She nodded in understanding then they went on with the hunt.

After searching for awhile, they lost the wolves and met back up with each other. "Did you get a look at who the small one was?" Chris asked after parting with the others in their party and headed home.

"No, not his human face anyway." Allison was frustrated beyond belief, "I had him." she hit the dash to let out that frustration.

"He wasn't alone, remember that." Chris replied, not wanting Allison to get too worked up about it. "We'll get them, don't worry about that."

Allison was sure that they would so she let it go.

When they arrived at home, Allison went right upstairs to see if Haven was home yet. She was surprised to see Haven was asleep and by the looks of it she had been for awhile. The only thing that came to mind to explain it was that the date didn't go very well. Allison knew she should have grilled Scott before their date. Leaving her sister be, she closed the lid of Haven's laptop and went to her own room in hopes of getting some sleep herself.

* * *

><p>The weekend passed and it was uneventful to say the least. Haven was quiet and didn't really leave her room. She claimed that she had a project due on Monday, but Allison knew that wasn't the truth. She gave her twin space, knowing from experience not to push her.<p>

When Monday rolled around, Haven made sure not to sit as far away from Scott as she could. She was not in the mood to deal with him. That didn't change when the end of the day came and she found Scott outside of school waiting for her.

"Don't even bother." Haven told him in passing, but that didn't stop him.

"I'm really sorry, Haven." Scott was sincere with his words, but she wasn't having any of it.

"Sorry isn't going to cut it. Do you realize how big of a deal it was for me to go out with you? My first date ever and I get ditched. What a way to remember it." Haven shot back and kept on walking.

Scott got in her path and pleaded with her, "Haven, I really am sorry. I came down with something and I know it's not a real explanation, but could you please just trust me on this?"

Haven couldn't explain it, but she did want to trust him. And there were those damned bats in her stomach again. Haven sighed, running her hand through her hair, "Am I going to regret this?"

"Probably." Scott answered with that goofy grin of his, and Haven laughed.

"So...is that a yes on a second chance?" Scott looked at her hopefully.

Haven met his eyes and bit her bottom lip as she smiled, "Not exactly...it's a 'we'll see'. Just keep in mind that I don't give second chances often, and I sure as hell don't give thirds."

Scott smiled happily, "A chance at a second chance? I'll take it."

Haven rolled her eyes, smiling, then looked over when she heard a car honk. Allison was waving Haven over because their dad was there to pick them up. "That's my dad, I better go. See you around, Scott."

Haven thanked her dad for opening the door for her and climbed into the front seat, while Allison sat in the back. Seeing Scott looking over at them oddly with a wave, Haven chuckled and waved back. "Weirdo." She said with a smile and buckled up.

What Haven didn't know was that Scott had recognized their father. He saw Chris' face in the forest the night of the full moon and knew he was a hunter. What Haven thought was Scott being weird was really the realization of something that Haven didn't know; the Argents were hunters.

* * *

><p>End Episode 1<p>

2. Kickass

Allison checked to make sure Haven was still in the shower before going downstairs to talk to her dad. She knocked on the door to his study before going in, "Got a minute?"

Chris looked away from what he was reading, "Of course, come in."

Allison closed the door behind her and approached her father's desk, "Haven told me about her date that ended early."

"And?" Chris inquired, appearing very interested in the details.

"And when Scott ditched her, Derek Hale gave her a ride home." Allison replied, knowing where her father would go with that bit of information, but added in her own opinion, "I think Derek is trying to get to us, through her. Nothing happened, but why else would he make an introduction like that?"

"You are certain that Scott isn't a werewolf?" Chris asked, his mental wheels turning.

"Almost positive. He makes enough human error from what I've seen. And it doesn't ever seem deliberate. So, yeah, I'm pretty sure that Scott is not the young wolf from the woods." Allison had her doubts, but she was going to be sure to stick close to her sister just in case.

"Alright. I trust your instincts, but keep an eye out anyway. Not that I need to tell you that." Chris grinned then pointed to the clock with his pen, "You girls better get going. It's almost time for school."

Allison nodded affirmatively then left her father's study.

Chris tossed his pen onto the desk and sighed heavily. He did not like the thought of Derek Hale being so close to Haven like that, and it was even more suspicious that he hadn't tried anything. "What is he up to?" Chris thought aloud before going back to what he was doing before Allison came in.

After leaving her father's office, Allison went back upstairs to get her backpack and whatnot, when she literally almost ran into Haven coming out of her room.

Haven managed to take a half step back so they didn't actually collide, "Whoa, where's the fire?"

"Running late." Allison replied and Haven thought that was weird.

"Coming from the person who was up and dressed before I was." Haven replied sarcastically, "Seriously, what's up?"

Haven grabbed her bag before following Allison into her room.

"I just have a lot on my mind, Haven." Allison replied but could tell Haven wasn't about to let it go, so she lied, "This guy, Greenburg, he keeps asking me out and I keep telling him no. If he doesn't let up I just might slug him."

Haven laughed, "Alli, slugging people is my job. I didn't get suspended for two months at our last school for nothing." She grinned and nudged her sister's shoulder with her own, "Don't worry, if that Greenburg character gives you any trouble, I'll take care of it." Haven winked at Allison before walking out of the room.

Allison hated lying to her sister like that, but she wasn't allowed to tell Haven the truth. Even though she and Chris agreed where it came to Haven and whether or not she should be told about the family

secret. Honestly, she thought that it would help Haven mature and whatnot, to know. Too bad Victoria didn't agree.

Haven tied her hair up as she walked towards the stairs, but stopped for a moment. She felt something weird when she said the word 'trouble' and was trying to process. It was almost as if that word, 'trouble' had a whole other meaning for her, but she couldn't place it. Not thinking it was anything to bother with, Haven brushed it off and descended down the stairs, not knowing that the Parker in her was trying to break through.

* * *

><p>The time for English class rolled around and Haven took a seat at the front of the class before anyone else claimed it. When Scott came in, he took the seat right behind her. Wanting to tease him a bit, she reached into her book bag, turned around and tossed one of her old Pat Benatar t-shirts at him.<p>

Scott laughed, pulling the shirt off his head. He looked at it then at her in question.

"I told you I didn't think you could pull it off. I never said that I wasn't going to throw it at you." Haven replied with a wink before facing forward.

Scott couldn't stop smiling, even as he put the shirt in his own backpack. He was taking this as a sign that Haven was warming up more to the idea of giving him a second chance. Even though that was their only exchange during the whole class, Scott still took it as a sign.

After class, Scott walked out with Haven, asking "You want to come watch practice?"

Haven was going through her bag for something when she answered, "Can't today, sorry." She honestly wasn't trying to give him the brush off, she just couldn't go due to plans with Allison.

"Oh." Scott replied, disappointed.

Haven heard his tone and looked at him, "I have plans with Alli today. Another time...I better head to class." She gave Scott a little wave and walked down the hall, even though she had a little time before actually having to get there.

"I'm guessing she decided to give you a second chance?" Stiles asked, from behind Scott.

"She's giving me a chance at a second chance." Scott replied, walking with his friend in the opposite direction of where Haven walked off to. "But there's more to it than that." Scott sounded like he was on the verge of freaking out when he said that.

"What?" Stiles asked, looking around as Scott did to make sure no one was within earshot.

"Remember the hunters I was telling you about? Well, her dad is one of them." Scott stopped at one of the lockers and hit his head on it.

"Did he recognize you? Does Haven know?" Stiles asked, one after another.

"No, I don't think so, and I don't know." Scott banged his head on the locker a couple times before he couldn't believe it and was definitely trying to not freak out.

"Okay, dude, just get through the day and focus on Lacrosse. Okay?" Stiles pulled Scott away from the lockers and pushed him down the hall. Neither of them saw when Allison stepped out of her little hiding place and heard every word.

"Dammit." Allison's instincts were wrong and now she had such a tough decision to make. Did she tell her father what she had learned or keep her mouth shut for Haven's sake? Her loyalty to the hunters and the loyalty to her sister were two different things and honestly...Allison wasn't sure what she was going to do about it. All that she did know was that one way or another, she was going to protect her twin.

* * *

><p>After school, Allison found Haven out by the Lacrosse field. "I thought you were meeting me at the car. What are you doing here?"<p>

Haven used her thumb to point over her shoulder at the practice going on behind her, "I just wanted to see how the team looked for the big game Saturday."

Allison didn't believe her, "More like you wanted to check Scott out." She pinched the bridge of her nose, "Are you sure you want to waste your time on him? I mean, come on, he stood you up and pawned you off on one of his buddies to give you a ride home. And then he didn't even give you a real explanation."

Haven crossed her arms, "Weren't you the one who was encouraging me to go out with him?" she asked with a raised brow.

"That was before I found out what an ass he was." Allison replied. Yeah, she was trying to drive a wedge between Haven and whatever feelings she might be developing for Scott. It would make her feel far less guilty telling their dad about what she overheard if she knew that Haven didn't have any feelings for him.

Haven, didn't want to admit that Allison had her points, so she didn't. She adjusted the strap of her bag on her shoulder and said, "Let's go." instead.

The sisters walked off the field before Scott or anyone else even noticed that they were there.

"Okay, Haven, I love you but this sick puppy look is freaking me out." Allison plucked one of her french fries at her sister. Before going to the bookstore they decided to stop at the diner for something to eat.

Haven retaliated by throwing one of her own fries back at Alli, "I do ****not**** look like a sick puppy. I'm not one of those girly girls who

gets all depressed or whatever over a guy."

"Haven, you've never really liked a guy before." Allison retorted.

Haven knew that was true, and yet there was a nagging feeling inside her that was saying it was false. Ignoring the weird feeling, once again, Haven moved on, "You're right though, he's an ass." Haven dipped her french fry in some ketchup and added in, "He's got a fine ass too."

Allison gagged at that comment which made Haven laugh a bit loudly. That just made Allison feel even more conflicted because she wanted Haven to be happy, but Scott was a freaking werewolf! She was supposed to be a hunter, not a sympathizer. If Haven wasn't in the mix then she would have done what was needed, but that wasn't the case. Haven was her sister and had a crush, something that had never happened before.

Allison decided to herself that she would wait before acting. Maybe she heard wrong? It would be very bad if she did, so she wasn't going to say a word to her dad...yet.

"Earth to Alli." Haven threw another fry at Allison, that she caught with her mouth. The twins threw their hands up with a loud, "Ohhhh!" cheer escaping them, which received some unhappy looks from the other customers as well as the staff.

"Time to go?" Haven asked, knowing the answer.

"Oh, yeah." Allison replied and they quickly put enough money on the table for the bill and tip before darting out of the diner.

The bookstore wasn't far from the diner, so the twins walked instead of taking the car. "So aside from a new journal, what are we here for?" Allison asked, going through some of the discounted calendars in the front display that were 80% off.

"Bookmarks and who knows. I'm going to browse a bit." Haven replied, not really expecting to find anything, but wanted to look around.

While Allison was looking at stuff at the front of the store, Haven ventured to the back. Her fingers traced over the leather bindings of the older books. She was a sucker for the classics. Somehow Haven ended up in the 'supernatural' section as her eyes scanned over the books. One in particular caught her attention so she pulled it off the shelf.

Haven didn't even have a chance to open the book to see what it was about, it was just the symbol on the binding that had caught her attention. It looked like a howling wolf surrounded by arrows. What kept her from checking it out was Allison poking her head around the corner, "Almost ready?"

"Yeah." Haven answered and was about to put the book back, but decided to buy it instead.

"I'll meet you outside." Allison stated when her phone started to ring.

"Okay." Haven replied as she plucked a blank journal from the shelf. Bringing the items to the counter, she cashed up then headed out to meet Allison. "Everything okay?"

Allison slipped her phone back into her pocket, "Yeah, it was just dad checking in. I told him we'd be home soon."

Haven rolled her eyes at that fact but complied, "Let's go then." she replied and the girls walked back to the car to get home.

* * *

><p>It was well past midnight and Haven was still wide awake. She was literally lying on her back, staring at the ceiling. Her mind was going over all the things she and Allison had talked about where Scott was concerned. Yeah, Allison had her points and Haven her her doubts but...maybe it was worth it. Or maybe Scott was right when he said she'd regret it. Haven didn't know one way or another, but she couldn't stop herself from wanting to find out.<p>

Too bad that decision didn't lead her to getting some sleep. It was starting to get ridiculous so Haven threw off her covers and went downstairs to get something to drink. She stopped at the bottom of the stairs when she heard her parents talking.

"She's almost seventeen, it's time." Haven heard her father's words and wondered who specifically he was talking about.

"No, it's not. I am not saying this again. Haven is not ready to know and honestly, I don't think she ever will be." Victoria replied. She sounded so frustrated with having this conversation yet again.

"I feel like a broken record trying to convince you that she's ready." Chris sounded just as frustrated.

"And I feel like a broken record telling you no." Victoria shot back.

When it sounded like they were headed this way, Haven darted up the stairs as quickly and quietly as she could. In case her parents decided to come and check on her, Haven climbed into bed and pretended to be asleep. She was right. Haven heard the door open and after a few moments, she heard it close again.

Haven sat up once she was sure no one else was going to open the door and thought aloud, "What the hell was that about?"

After awhile, she managed to fall asleep but got up far earlier than she should have. So in other words, she only had slept for about a couple hours.

There was no way she was going to lie at the ceiling again, so she got up, dressed, and ready for the day. She really wanted to know what her parents were talking about, but it didn't feel like it was the best time. And for some reason, she didn't want to ask Allison about it. All Haven wanted to do was go to school, so despite the early hour, that's where she went.

Haven left a note saying she had already left for school and walked

there. It was a longer walk than a drive, but she didn't mind. It gave her time to think about everything and wonder about just as much. She hated feeling like she was being pulled in two different directions and hated feeling like she was out of the loop. On top of that, she couldn't stand the weird nagging feeling in her chest. It was almost like her subconscious was trying to break through and tell her everything she needed to know. Alas, Haven ignored it...again.

Haven had plenty of time before class actually started, so she sat down in the hall against the bottom row of lockers. The weird wolf symbol book was in her bag so she pulled it out and started to read. She didn't get very far before a group of kids walked into school that she recognized from being on the Lacrosse team, or spectators of the practice. Eavesdropping on their conversation wasn't her intention, but that's what happened, especially when her ears picked up on them saying that they heard Scott wasn't going to play in the big game tomorrow.

She turned her head to look at them and asked, "Where did you hear that?" They just looked at her like she was a nutjob and kept on walking. "That's the _other_ Argent." one of the girls stated with a laugh and Haven rolled her eyes. She wanted to say something to the girl, but Haven literally bit her tongue to keep quiet. It wasn't worth it. Yeah, she knew that Allison was the more popular of the two, but did people really have to point it out?

That took up more time than Haven thought before even more kids started coming into the school, so she got up to her feet. She intended to find Scott and see whether or not that group was just spreading a rumor or if he really wasn't going to play the next day. Unfortunately she didn't see Scott anywhere, so she just headed to class and decided to ask him in English.

* * *

><p>The time seemed to fly by before their shared class, but, thanks to Allison, Haven was late getting there so she didn't get a seat near Scott. She was a bit annoyed by this but planned to ask him after class instead. Too bad the time didn't fly then as much as it had earlier. Every second felt like an hour to her, she didn't think the bell would ever ring.<p>

Eventually, as all things did, class ended. She caught up with Scott at his locker and smiled, "Hey, I wanted to tell you that I was planning on going to the game tomorrow, but if you're not playing I think I'm going to pass."

Scott looked at Haven, "You were going to come to the game?"

"Uh, yeah. I enjoy watching you kick ass. Which is weird since as far as I can remember, I hate sports, but whatever." Haven replied then shrugged, "Whatever," she repeated, "text me or something if you do end up playing. I gotta get to class." Haven ended the conversation right there and headed down to her own locker.

After putting in the combination she opened it and looked confused when she saw her scarf hanging in there. Haven thought she still had it stuffed at the bottom of her purse, but there it was. She jumped about fifty feet when she heard Scott ask, "Where did you get

that?"

Haven caught her breath and placed her hand on her chest, "You gave me a freaking heart attack."

"Where did you get that?" Scott repeated, pointing to the scarf in her hand.

"My scarf? It was in my locker. Allison must have put it in there." Haven replied, not seeing the big deal about it.

"Did she find it herself or did someone give it to her?" Scott asked then quickly added, "How much did you and Derek talk that night? What did he say to you?"

"Your friend and I barely talked." Haven replied.

"He's not my friend." Scott retorted.

Haven scoffed, "Oh, okay, so your non friend gave me a ride home that night? If I knew that he wasn't your friend then I never would have even gotten in the car with him." she was starting to get a bit pissed.

"What did you say to him?" Scott demanded to know and Haven slammed her locker door.

"I have to get to class, and you know what, don't text me if you're going to play. Send me a text when you stop being a jerk." Haven turned around and walked away, ignoring him when he called after her.

Once Haven turned the corner, out of Scott's sight, she kicked a locker in frustration. "Why do I always fall for the jerks?" Haven thought aloud then felt really weird. Why had she said that when she knew she had never fallen for anyone before. "It's official, I'm losing my mind." Haven threw her hands up in defeat and finally made her way to class to finish the rest of this school day as soon as possible.

* * *

><p>Allison wasn't able to get a moment with Haven until they got home, "Hey!" she called out, but Haven just slammed her door in reply. Well, Allison wasn't about to accept that answer. She walked right into Haven's room without knocking or permission. "What is with you, Haven? You've been dodging me all day and I can tell something is wrong, so just tell me."<p>

Haven walked out of the closet wearing a hoodie and a pair of sweatpants, "I don't want to talk. Is that a crime?" she replied with snark.

Allison crossed her arms, "I know you. I know when something is bothering you, so just talk to me."

Haven ran her hand through her hair, "I feel like I'm going insane! Scott is so great one second and an ass the next. I heard mom and dad talking about me the other night about something that he wants me to know but I'm not mature or ready to know it, according to mom. I feel

like there's something I should know, but I don't know what it is and it's driving me crazy!" After that outburst, Haven threw herself face down on the bed.

Allison sat down next to Haven and shoved her a little so she'd roll over. When Haven flopped over onto her back, Allison spoke, "Scott is a guy, Haven. Being jerks one second and princes the next is in their DNA. As for mom and dad, I don't know what they're talking about but I'm sure it's nothing. You know everything you need to know, sis. Okay?"

Haven trusted Allison with her life, so she trusted her on this too. "Fine." She muttered, reluctantly, but it still didn't stop what she was feeling.

"Come on, the parental units are going to be late tonight so let's order some pizza and watch movies." Allison stood up and held her hand out to her sister.

Haven sighed, accepted Alli's hand and got up to her feet, "Fine. But I get to pick."

"As long as it's not the Wolfman again, I'm game." Allison replied and based off Haven's grin, she sighed, "You're picking the Wolfman again, aren't you?"

"Yep." Haven grinned again and darted out of her room with a groaning Allison right behind her. As if Allison didn't have enough werewolf stuff on her mind as it was. Of course, Haven didn't know that, but if Allison had her way she would...and soon.

* * *

><p>The next day came and as far as Saturdays went, this one was pretty boring. Allison and Victoria were out for the day, and Chris was working or something, so Haven had the house to herself. She spent it watching horror movies mostly and the rest of the time she was either checking her phone or debating whether or not to text Scott.<p>

When evening rolled around, and Haven was still home alone, she was up in her room going through one of her old boxes. It was filled with second place medals and pictures of the various gymnastics competitions she'd been a part of. It was kinda bittersweet going through that stuff because she knew she'd never be as good as Allison. Even though her sister wasn't competing anymore either, it didn't change how she felt.

Haven let out a sigh and looked out the open window. It was getting a bit drafty so she went over and closed it, along with the curtains. Her eyes then widened when she thought she saw something. Haven quickly threw open the curtains and gasped when she swore she saw Scott, but not Scott, out there and then gone in the blink of an eye. "Yep, I'm going crazy."

That was her initial thought until she heard a car come to a screeching halt and then a thump. Haven looked out her window and saw her dad's car...along with Scott on the ground. "Okay, maybe not." she said to herself and ran down the stairs, outside. "What did you do?" Haven asked both of them, rushing over to Scott. "Jeeze, Dad,

were you trying to kill him?"

"No, of course not, he came out of nowhere." Chris retorted, watching his daughter's interactions with Scott.

"It's my fault, sorry. Sorry I hit your car." Scott got to his feet with Haven's assistance. "I just wanted to come by and say hi...and ask if you were still planning on coming to the game." Scott looked hopefully at Haven when he spoke.

"That depends." Haven replied, "Are you playing?"

Scott nodded, bringing a smile out of Haven, "Then I'm definitely coming." she replied.

"We both are." Chris added in. A statement that received a raised brow of question from his daughter.

"I better get going, got to get ready and all." Scott replied, and gave a brief wave before walking off.

"Scott, wait." Haven called after him and sprinted to catch up, "Are you feeling okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Why?" He countered.

"Because...okay this is going to sound crazy, but I swore I saw you...ish, up on my roof." Haven laughed like it was insane, but part of her didn't think it was.

"No, not me. I wasn't on your roof." Scott hoped that sounded convincing enough because he was a bit caught off guard by her question. He hadn't been aware she'd seen him.

Haven crossed her arms because she didn't believe him, something she voiced aloud, "I don't believe you...but that just made you at least five percent more interesting." She grinned and walked backwards, "See you later, McCall."

Scott watched Haven go and wasn't sure if he had just dodged a bullet there or if he had just stepped in front of a gun that hadn't been fired yet.

* * *

><p>As Haven and Chris walked onto the stands, she said, "You know, you didn't have to come tonight."

Chris took some of Haven's popcorn before handing the container to her, "You have an interest in this boy, therefore I have an interest."

"I thought you were letting Alli take charge of whether or not he was worthy of my potential affections?" Haven retorted, popping a piece of popcorn into her mouth.

"You're my little girl, how can I not see for myself?" Chris countered and smiled at Haven's eye roll. Chris looked over and saw a girl getting really close to Scott, "Who's that?" he cocked his head over to who he was referring to.

Haven groaned, "That's Lydia. From what I can tell she's a popularity loving, fashion conscious, queen bee nitwit."

"Tell me how you really feel about her." Chris teased and Haven gently swatted him in reply.

"The game's starting." Haven stated and quickly spotted Scott on the field. She was annoyed when the other players didn't get him the ball when he was wide open, but she was ****pissed**** when Jackson checked him, or whatever the hell the term is for forcefully shoving someone out of the way. Haven stood up and shouted, "What the hell, Jackson! You're on the same team!"

"I take it you don't like Jackson either." Chris stated and Haven sat back down.

"He's Lydia's boyfriend, so that's an automatic ****no****." Haven replied and Chris smiled.

"What?" She asked, not sure why he was smiling like that.

"Nothing, it's just...it's nice. Having some one on one time with you. We haven't done it in awhile." Ever since Allison found out about hunting, he hated to admit it, but time with Haven had been put on the back burner a bit.

Haven didn't say anything in reply to that, because she didn't like thinking about being 'second fiddle' or whatever the hell that term was, also. Allison was numero uno in more ways than one, Haven accepted it a long time ago, but that didn't mean she liked talking about it.

Something out of the corner of her eye caught Haven's attention, it was a huge sign that Lydia was holding with Allison. It wasn't until that moment that she realized Allison was even there. It wasn't the fact that her sister was sitting with Lydia that irked her, it was the 'We Luv Jackson' sign that did. "For the love." Haven had a facepalm moment before cupping her hands around her mouth and shouted, "Kick some ass, McCall!" she hoped he heard her. He moved his head like he did, so she hoped he had.

"Language." Chris teased then asked, "Which one is Scott, again?"

Haven stuck her tongue out in a juvenile manner before replying, "Number 11. The one who hasn't caught a ball yet, only because no one will actually pass to him." After answering, she turned her attention back to the game. She looked back just in time to see Scott's hell of a play. Haven would swear that he had just flown over the other players and was weaving in and out of the opposing team with such swiftness, "Go, go, go." Haven repeated over, moving closer to the edge of her seat.

When Scott shot the ball and made the goal, Haven jumped up to her feet and cheered loudly, "Go McCall!"

Chris had never seen his daughter like this before and all suspicions aside, Chris was glad that he was there to witness this side of his daughter. He hadn't seen her like this in such a long time and

apparently he had this Scott McCall to thank for it...wonderful.

Haven couldn't take her eyes off Scott as he scored yet another goal. There was now only twenty seconds left on the clock, score tied five to five, and Scott, once again, had the ball. He stopped near the goal with two of the opposing team members charging towards him. "Come on, Pen Boy." Haven said softly to herself, "You can do it."

Just then, Scott took his shot and scored the winning goal. Everyone on the Beacon Hills side cheered, Haven was no exception. She leaped off the seat and ran down to go meet up with Scott and congratulate him, but by the time she got out there Scott was running off the field. Haven held her hands out to her sides, wondering what the heck that was about and was determined to know.

Haven took off after Scott and followed him into the school. She lost him for a minute, but that soon changed when a helmet was thrown out of the boy's locker room, into the hall. Haven picked it up and walked into the dark locker room, "Scott?" After setting the helmet down on a nearby bench, she walked further inside, "You in here?"

The sight of shattered glass on the floor caught Haven's attention, and that was soon followed by her quickly turning around after hearing something, "This is usually the point in the movie where the audience screams out don't go in there." She thought aloud then rubbed her forehead, "And yet, here I am." The amusement she found in this made her laugh while shaking her head.

Getting back on track, Haven walked to the back of the locker room where the showers were and found Scott in there, "You okay?" She asked, placing her hand on his shoulder.

Scott turned around and let out a breath, "Yeah, I was lightheaded or something."

"Probably the adrenaline." Haven replied, smiling, "You were kickass out there. I was definitely impressed."

It felt good to hear her say that. "I'm sorry I've been so weird, especially today."

Haven shrugged, "Apparently it's in your DNA." she joked, referring to her conversation with Allison. "Like I said Mr McCall, you've become at least five percent more interesting. Weird, but interesting...like a mystery wrapped in an enigma, I like that."

"I have to admit...you...you make me kinda nervous." Scott even sounded nervous when he said that.

Haven laughed, "What? I do?" she found that hard to believe, honestly.

"Yeah," Scott answered like it was the most obvious thing in the world, "Like really, really nervous."

Haven felt like she was blushing and put her hand to her cheek to try and hide it.

"Do I still have that chance at a second chance?" Scott asked, hopeful.

"Nope." Haven answered seriously then grinned, "You don't have a chance at it, you have it...now the question is...are you going to take it?" She took a step closer to him as she asked that.

Scott smiled, "I think I need to start taking more chances."

"Oh, yeah." Haven replied, smiling wide. The two shared a laugh before locking their eyes on one another. If asked, she would have sworn there was a magnetic pull between them before their lips met. Now, this wasn't Haven's first kiss, but it was the first time a kiss ever felt like this. It was...well, for lack of better term, perfect.

When their lips finally parted, both Haven and Scott smiled. The moment of course had to be interrupted by her phone beeping, indicating that she had a text message. Haven groaned, pulling the phone from her jacket pocket, "It's my dad, I better get back." She gave Scott a quick peck on the cheek before making her way to the exit. On the way she passed Stiles and couldn't help but ask, "Enjoy the show?" since he was in clear view of her kiss with Scott.

Stiles reaction of trying to act like he didn't see anything, made Haven laugh. It was weird, she felt like she hadn't laughed like this in a long time, which was definitely true...but in more ways than one.

* * *

><p>Allison stood next to her father on the field, and let out a breath. "You still so sure?" He asked, looking at her skeptically.<p>

"I am sure that Haven is falling for him, and I am sure that he's bringing a side out in her that we haven't seen in a long time, so that makes me sure that we need solid proof before acting. Not just suspicion." Allison replied.

Chris listened to his daughter and nodded in agreement, "Let's not bring this up to your mother yet."

"Alright. I'll see you at home." Allison turned around to meet back up with Lydia since they had plans for after the game.

A few minutes later, Haven walked over to her father, "Sorry for taking so long. I just wanted to check in on him."

"How is he?" Chris asked, walking with her off the field.

"Good, really good actually." Haven smiled, thinking about the kiss she and Scott had just shared.

Chris wondered what exactly that smile of hers was about, but didn't ask. He doubted he'd get a straight answer from her anyway.

On the opposite side of the field, Derek stepped out and watched Haven walk off with her father. Not only that, he watched as Jackson

picked up Scott's glove that had been thrown to the ground. Derek wasn't happy about any of this, and as he walked off he started to come up with a plan to do something about it.

* * *

><p>End Episode 2<p>

3. Only a matter of time

"Where are we going?" Haven asked Scott as they ran out of the empty school towards the buses. They were staying late working on a report for English, then suddenly Scott had another idea.

"I just want to be alone with you." Scott answered with a grin, climbing into a bus with Haven right behind him.

"We already were alone, McCall." Haven pointed out sarcastically but grinned to let him know she was just playing.

After Scott sat onto a seat near the back of the bus, Haven slid into the seat across from him. "So..." she said with a smile, "now what?"

Scott grinned, moving from his seat over to hers. Haven placed her hands at the back of his neck to pull him closer. She had to admit, having a makeout session in a school bus was kinda...exhilarating. And even though it wasn't ever on her bucket list, it was crossed off now.

Everything was going so well. They laughed, kissed, and just when Haven thought things were going to progress...Scott got weird. He moved away from her so quickly that she thought she had hurt him somehow or something,

"Scott?" Haven sounded worried, climbing out of the seat to check on him across the aisle.

"Get away from me." Scott demanded, his voice sounding darker.

"Scott, what's going on?" She placed her hand on his shoulder but didn't expect what she was seeing. Scott's eyes were glowing, excess hair popped up, and his ears were pointed. A gasp escaped Haven's lips as she staggered backwards. She felt terrified and yet...not. "I knew it" She whispered then screamed when Scott roared at her.

Haven ran down the bus to try and get away, but Scott's claw gripped onto her ankle and pulled her to the floor. "Scott! Stop it!" she screamed, but the attempts of an attack continued. Tapping into her old self defense courses, Haven managed to get a swift kick in. That gave her enough of an opening to scramble to her feet and run to the closed door.

Unfortunately, Haven wasn't able to get the door opened in time. She felt Scott's claws over her mouth and throat, then a muffled scream escaped her lips...

Haven's scream wasn't so muffled when she jolted awake in bed. Her

heart was pounding in her chest so hard that she thought it'd burst right out of it like that episode of Supernatural.

Moments later, Allison ran into the room with Chris and Victoria not too far behind. "Haven!" Allison rushed over to her sister and cupped her face.

Chris had his registered firearm raised and aimed in the room in case there was an intruder. Victoria moved to the other side of Haven and smoothed out her hair, "What happened?"

"I...I'm sorry." Haven replied, still trembling from the nightmare and drenched with sweat, "It was just a nightmare." It felt so real though. Haven could still feel the claws at her throat, like phantom pain or something. "I'm okay now." Her voice made it clear that she was trying to convince herself of this just as much as she was trying to convince them.

Chris, who had finally lowered his weapon asked, "Haven, are you sure it was just a nightmare?"

"Yes." Haven moved Allison's hands from her face when it finally clicked that they were there, "I'm fine, really. I...I just want to go back to bed."

"Alright sweetheart," Victoria kissed her daughters head softly, "we're right down the hall if you need us." She stood and gestured for Chris to follow.

Chris kissed Haven's head as well before saying goodnight and walking out of the room with Victoria.

Allison, however, stayed put. "I'm staying here for the rest of the night, don't even think about arguing with me."

Honestly, Haven wasn't planning on it. She handed Allison a pillow before pulling the covers up to her chin.

"You want to talk about it?" Allison asked and Haven shook her head.

"No." The last thing Haven wanted was to talk about it because it felt so real, but it wasn't just that...it felt like dejavu. Not like she had the dream before, but that she had seen it...and in a way...she had lived it. Once again the Parker that was buried deep within her was trying to take hold...break free. _It was only a matter of time_...

* * *

><p>Haven didn't sleep at all for the rest of the night and didn't even say a word. She couldn't get the feeling of claws at her neck out of her mind. Not to mention the fact that her dream self said that she knew it when Scott went all Wolfman on her. Haven had to keep mentally reminding herself over and over that it was just a dream and that she shouldn't read anything into it. That didn't stop her though...nothing seemed to.<p>

Not even Allison's attempts at conversation in the car could pull Haven out of her focus. It wasn't until Allison snapped her fingers

in front of her face that she snapped out of it, "Jeeze! What!" Haven snapped back, a bit more harshly than intended.

"You're going down the rabbit hole, Haven. You're not talking about whatever that nightmare was, even though I can see that it really got under your skin. So spill it or face the consequences." Allison looked at her sister for a moment before looking back to the road.

Haven ran her hand through her hair, sighing, "Allison...do you believe in werewolves?"

"What kind of question is that?" Allison asked, trying to dodge it, then asked, "Who's been talking about werewolves?" The first thing that came to mind was Scott had confessed being a werewolf to her or something. If that was the case...well, she'd have to do something about it.

"My nightmare was about werewolves. One tried to kill me and...it just felt so real." Haven rubbed her neck as she spoke. "And when I saw the werewolf I was all 'I knew it' before I ran for my life. What's up with that?" She deliberately didn't say that it was Scott in face her sister took that as some weird sign that they shouldn't be dating.

Allison was doing her best to navigate around this topic of conversation. She hated what she was about to do, but did it anyway, "You're been watching too many horror movies, Haven. That's it."

Haven sighed, "Yeah, you're probably right, but I can't help it. I love scary stuff, you know that." At least when she wasn't the one actually living it.

"Except when it's real or feels real?" Allison could tell what her sister was thinking.

Haven nodded, "Pretty much."

"Want to ditch today?" Allison asked, right before she was about to pull into the parking lot.

"Naw, I'm good." Haven replied, which was weird since she'd usually jump at the chance to ditch. There was just a pretty good incentive to continue with her attendance; Scott.

"Okay, then." Allison pulled into a parking spot and the Argent twins got out of the car. "I'll see in later."

"See ya." Haven replied, watching as her sis went off to talk with Lydia and Jackson. A laugh escaped her lips when Allison shot down Greenburg, yet again.

With a sigh, Haven adjusted the bag on her shoulder. This was going to be an interesting day...

* * *

><p>Her initial thought that this was going to be an interesting day was turning out to be true. She turned the corner on the way to class

when she saw Scott punch a locker. Okay, that was one hell of an understatement...Scott punched the locker...dented it, and almost completely deinged it. Slowly approaching Scott, she joked, "Are you sure you're not on steroids?"<p>

Scott, surprised and relieved to hear Haven's voice, turned around to quickly face her. "You're here. You're okay." Even his voice was fast paced.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Not quite sure what I just saw but I'm fine." Haven replied, "Are you okay?"

"I'm just really glad to see you." Scott answered, a smile spread across his face.

"Well, McCall, the feeling just happens to be mutual." Haven smiled along with Scott then pointed to the locker, "So...steroids?"

Scott looked at the dented, broken door, before turning back to her, "Weak metal."

"Suuuuure." Haven drew out the word to emphasize how much she didn't believe him. "Keep it up I just might think my nightmare was real."

"What nightmare?" Scott asked, his heart rate spiking a bit.

"It sounds so stupid but...I dreamed that you were a Wolfman and tried to kill me." Haven faked a laugh to try and ease the now awkward moment.

"I had a dream like that too." Scott regretted admitting that the moment it came out of his mouth.

Haven looked aghast, "Oh no! We're have the same brain!" she acted quite dramatically before laughing. "Allison's right, it's probably because of the horror movies I've been watching and the late night texts to you about it."

"Yeah," Scott answered, even though he knew that wasn't the case...at least for him, "I'm sure that's it."

Their conversation was cut short when the Principal's voice came out through the intercom announcing that as the Police work on the incident with one of the buses, that class will proceed as normal.

That announcement furrowed Haven's brow, "What happened to the bus?"

"Looks like an animal ripped it apart." Scott answered then really wanted to change the subject, "Still on for lunch?"

"Definitely." Haven smiled, mussed of Scott's hair then headed off to class.

Scott quickly pulled his cell phone from his pocket and texted Stiles about Haven's dream on the way to his next period.

* * *

><p>Lunch was the first chance Stiles and Scott had to talk about the shared dream, "Before anything else, dreams aren't memories. They're dreams and the fact you two shared one, probably a coincidence." Stiles set his tray down before taking a seat at an empty table.<p>

"I can't remember anything from last night after hanging up with Haven. Something did happen." Scott retorted, taking a seat across from his best friend. "Do you think Haven saw something but doesn't remember? Or she's in shock or something?"

"Or she's right and you two are sharing a brain." Stiles suggested. Scott looked at him like he was nuts, so he said, "What? It's not like we know what happens between werewolves and their human love interests."

Scott wasn't sure how he felt about that. "Maybe I should ask Derek."

"What makes you think Derek has all the answers?" Since they were responsible for getting Derek arrested, Stiles didn't like his plan.

"Because at the full moon, he wasn't changed. He was in total control while I was running at night attacking some innocent guy." Scott was freaking a bit.

"You don't know that." Stiles was trying to convince him that maybe he wasn't the cause of the whole bus being ripped apart and the injured guy.

"I don't not know it!" Scott retorted strongly before reluctantly coming to a decision about something, "I can't go out with Haven tomorrow, I have to cancel."

"Dude, no. You can't just go around canceling your life." Now it was Stiles' turn to look at his best friend like he was crazy. "We'll figure it out."

"Figure what out?" Lydia asked before taking a seat next to Scott.

"Uh, homework." Scott replied before looking at Stiles.

"Why is she sitting with us?" Stiles whispered.

"I don't know." Scott replied then smiled when Haven sat down next to him.

"Sorry about...them. Allison thought it'd be a good idea." Haven rolled her eyes after telling Scott why Lydia, Jackson, Allison, and Danny were all sitting at the table with them.

"I heard the attack was some sort of animal. Maybe a cougar." Danny started the conversation and Jackson retorted, "I heard it was a mountain lion."

"I cougar is a mountain lion." Haven and Lydia unintentionally spoke in unison. While that sent shivers down Haven's spine, Lydia added

in, "Isn't it?"

"Who cares." Jackson shot back to Lydia before glaring at Haven.

"You okay?" Scott asked Haven, who nodded in reply.

"Weird dejavu." Haven replied, opening her bottle of water, shooting some glares of her own at Jackson.

"Can we talk about something more fun?" Lydia was growing tired of the bus attack conversation, "Like...where are we all going out tomorrow night?" She looked at Scott and Haven when she said that.

"Excuse me?" Haven had no idea why Lydia was asking them.

"Allison said you two were hanging out tomorrow night, and since I refuse to stay home again and watch lacrosse videos, we're going out and doing something fun." Lydia had made up their minds for them.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. This is not a group date." Haven retorted, shooting daggers at her twin.

"It is now." Allison said with a grin, "So, Stiles, what are you doing tomorrow night?"

Scott looked around at all of them before turning to Haven, "What just happened?"

"My sister happened." Haven let out a deep sigh, stabbing her fork into her food while ignoring Stiles' stammered reply to Allison's group date invitation.

"Oh! How about bowling?" Allison suggested when Stiles finally agreed to join them.

"Don't you like bowling?" Lydia asked Jackson, smiling.

Jackson scoffed, "Yeah, when I have actual competition." that was a direct shot at Scott.

"How do you know we're not actual competition?" Haven shot back, looking down the table at Jackson. "You don't know us."

"Well can you bowl?" Jackson cocked his head in question.

"Yes." Haven answered and Scott added, "Sort of."

"Is it sort of, or is it yes?" Jackson turned his attention to Scott.

Scott's face hardened a bit, "Yes. In fact, I'm a great bowler." After that exchange with Jackson, Scott turned back to Haven.

Haven grinned a bit at Scott, "You're a terrible bowler, aren't you?" she whispered.

"Yeah, pretty much." Scott admitted and Haven couldn't stop

smiling.

"That's okay, I'll give you some pointers." She winked after saying that because she had an idea.

* * *

><p>When Haven caught up with Allison after school, she swatted her in sight. "Hey! What was that for?" Allison exclaimed, rubbing her arm.<p>

"What's wrong with you? A group 'hang out' really? You knew I was looking forward to that date with Scott. And you don't even have a thing for Stiles, so what's going on?" Haven crossed her arms, clearly not amused.

"You need more friends, Haven. I thought this would be a good way to go about it." Allison replied, simply enough. Not about to admit that she didn't want Haven in close quarters with Scott until his species was determined. That and Allison wanted a legitimate excuse to get close enough to talk with Stiles to see what he knew and such.

"Allison, in what universe do you and I have the same friends?" Haven retorted, still not liking the answer.

"This one." Allison answered simply enough with a smile, "Now come on, let's go shopping for our dates." She wiggled her eyebrows playfully which received a groan out of her sister in reply. "Oh, by the way, Lydia is coming with us."

Haven stopped in her tracks and saw Stiles coming towards them so she acted quickly, "Sorry, Alli, I just remembered that Stiles and I are going to work on homework together." She grabbed his arm as he started to pass and pull him over.

"We are?" Stiles didn't know what she was talking about, but the pinch he received from her quickly got him on board, "Right, right. We are. Yep, absolutely working on homework."

Allison didn't believe them whatsoever, but pulled a Haven and rolled her eyes, "Liars. Fine, I'll see you at home."

"Bye." Haven waved off her sister then turned to Stiles. "Thanks, I appreciate that."

"No problem." Stiles answered as they walked in the opposite direction together, then asked, "Hey, Haven...Am I attractive to gay guys?"

Honestly...Haven had no idea how to answer that question so she just looked forward and didn't say a word.

"Haven? Did you hear me? Oh come on, first Scott now you? I'm really starting to think that I'm not attractive to gay guys." Stiles looked and sounded so disappointed by that.

Haven tried to hold in her laughter, but failed miserably. Stiles threw up his hands in an 'I give up' manner in reply.

* * *

><p>"I thought you were doing homework with Stiles?" Allison asked, leaning on the kitchen counter at their home when Haven finally walked in.<p>

"We did." Haven answered, because that was the truth. "I'm serious! I just finished mine before he barely started to we parted ways." That was just about the truth, anyway. Stiles got a text then had to go, but either way Haven had her homework done. The exclusion of the big report due in a few days.

"You feeling any better about your nightmare?" Allison asked, sliding a can of cherry cola over to her sister.

Haven graciously accepted the soda, "I'm fine, Alli. And don't worry, I'm going to put on some cheesy romantic comedy on before going to bed. After not sleeping last night, I could use the extra." Haven thanked Allison for the soda and headed up to her room.

Allison walked into the living room and found her mom sitting there. "How's Haven?" Victoria asked, setting her book down.

"I'm not sure if she's really okay or in denial. Either way, I'm sticking close." Allison replied, then toyed with the tab on her soda can. "Hey mom...I know you don't think she should know but...I think a part of her already does, don't ask me how but..."

Victoria held up her hand to stop her daughter from continuing, "Allison, I am not going to say this again. Haven is not to know, and if I find out that you or your father told her, there will be consequences." Victoria was firm with her words.

"Sorry I brought it up." Allison replied, grabbing her bags from the shopping trip with Lydia before heading upstairs as well. About halfway up the stairs, Allison got an idea. One that she would definitely have to share with her father. Her mom made it clear that she and dad couldn't tell Haven, but she never said that someone else couldn't. And that's where Allison's idea came into play...

* * *

><p>Good thing the next day was Saturday because Haven pretty much slept the whole day away. Not quite, but close enough. It was late afternoon by the time she woke up, got something to eat, and got ready for the group date. It stilled bugged her to no end that it was a group date, but any time spent with Scott was better than nothing.<p>

Haven was pulled from these thoughts when Allison and Lydia came into her room, "Oh sure, come right on in, no need to knock." Her tone was riddled with sarcasm.

"I've never needed to knock before." Allison crossed her arms, noting her twin's attitude.

"I wasn't talking to you." Haven replied, looking at Lydia as she did.

Lydia narrowed her eyes in annoyance, "I still can't believe you two

are sisters. You're so...different." She said that like it was a bad thing.

Allison, wanting to nip this in the bud, interjected, "So, Haven, what are you wearing tonight?"

Haven looked down at her deep maroon colored tank top, jeans, and combat boots, "Uh, this." She grabbed her denim jacket off the bed and slipped her arms through.

"No, you're not." Lydia retorted, making her way to Haven's closet with Allison right behind her. While the two were going through Haven's closet to find something to wear, Chris walked into the bedroom.

Haven threw up her hands in defeat, "Sure, everyone, just come right in."

Chris winced a little, "Sorry, I forgot to knock."

Haven crossed her arms, ignoring those who were critiquing the clothing options, "What is it dad?"

"I just came in to tell you girls that you're not going out tonight." Chris replied, received a displeased "What?!" From the twins.

"I'm not letting you two go out when there's a wild animal on the loose. When the curfew is lifted, we'll talk." Chris left the conversation at that and walked out of the bedroom.

Haven narrowed her eyes, grabbed her bag and headed for the window.

"What is she doing?" Lydia asked, pointing towards Haven.

Allison grinned, "She's making a break for it. One would think my dad would learn by now that the worst thing to say to Haven is that she can't do something. It just makes her want to do it all the more."

Before climbing out the window, Haven looked back to them, "Coming?"

Allison smiled wide and followed her sister out the window.

Lydia watched as the twins walked out onto the roof, jumped off with a flip thing, and both landed on their feet. Haven hadn't done anything like that in a long time and it felt good.

Lydia looked at them with wide eyes. "Years of gymnastics." Allison explained. "You coming?"

Haven laughed as Lydia shook her head and replied, "I think I'll take the stairs."

* * *

><p>When they arrived at the bowling alley, after getting their shoes, Haven greeted Scott by jumping on his back with laughter. "Hello to you too." Scott replied, laughing along with her before she

slid off.<p>

"Where's Stiles?" Allison asked, looking around.

"You were serious?" Scott replied, "He thought it was a joke or something, so he's not coming."

Allison rolled her eyes before walking off to join Lydia and Jackson.

"Should I call Stiles to come?" Scott asked Haven, who shook her head.

"And subject your best friend to this kind of torture? I don't think so." Haven took Scott's hand and led him over to the bowling balls. She looked for one that was the right weight for her and fit her fingers.

"You look like you know what you're doing." Scott commented, trying to follow Haven's lead.

"We used to go bowling with our dad a lot." Haven replied, then asked, "When was the last time you went bowling?"

"At a birthday party...when I was eight." Scott admitted, embarrassed.

Haven smiled and mussed up Scott's hair, "Just find one that fits your fingers and isn't too heavy. I can help more when we actually start playing."

Scott and Haven sat next to each other as they awaited their turn to bowl. Their conversation was interrupted by Allison coming over and asking, "So, what are you two chatting about?"

"How ridiculous Lydia is being. It's obvious she's faking being bad at bowling." Haven gestured over to the display Lydia was putting on for Jackson.

"She does that a lot." Allison admitted, sighing.

"You've noticed it too?" Haven asked, receiving a nod from her sister in reply.

"I've even noticed it. She kicks ass in math class but in science with Jackson...not so much." Scott didn't like talking about Lydia or anyone really, for that matter, behind their back, but he didn't get it.

It was now Haven's turn to bowl so she got up from her seat with a wink to Scott, and walked up to the lane. After picking up her ball and squaring herself, she took a couple steps and let it go. The ball rolled down the lane, knocking down all the pins for a strike. Haven did a little happy dance, before turning around and brushing off her shoulders.

Scott gave her a high five when she came back over to sit down, "_Nice_." He thought it was very impressive.

"Thanks." Haven couldn't seem to stop herself from smiling. It was

strange to admit, but she was actually having fun.

Jackson took his turn, and like Haven, he bowled a strike. After taking his seat next to Lydia, he said, "You're up, McCall."

"Just line yourself up and try to bowl straight." Haven whispered to Scott before he got up to take his turn. Despite his effort, he ended up getting a gutter ball.

Haven wanted to punch Jackson for laughing at Scott. "Jackson, shut up if you know what's good for you."

Jackson didn't stop laughing, "I'm just flashing back to the words 'I'm a great bowler'. Do you need the baby bumpers, McCall?"

Haven had enough of him and stood up to take action, but Allison stopped her, "Don't."

Haven took a deep breath before flipping Jackson off with a sweet smile. She turned around on her heels and went over to Scott, talking loud enough for only him to hear, "Ignore them, just clear your mind. Think about anything else."

"Have a suggestion?" Scott was open to anything at this point.

Haven smiled wide, going back to her original idea, "Yeah, I do." She got close to Scott's ear and whispered, "Think about me...naked." She wished she had been able to see his face after saying that, but she wanted to make a quick getaway before Scott let his mind go to anything else.

"What did you say to him?" Allison asked, curiously.

"Nothing." Haven answered with a hint of laughter in her voice before turning her attention to Scott. She couldn't wait to see if what she said would work.

The next shot he took resulted in him knocking all the pins down. Haven put her fingers in her mouth and whistled before she clapped with laughter.

Scott, with a newfound confidence, sat down next to Haven. The pair giving Jackson smug-ish looks as they did.

"Seriously," Allison said to her sister, "what did you say to him?"

Haven smiled a Cheshire Cat smile, "Oh nothing, just gave him something to think about." She nudged a chuckling Scott playfully, since they were the only ones who knew.

The game progressed, giving Scott six, or seven strikes in a row. Haven was having way too much fun rubbing that in Jackson's face, even after the game was over. It got to the point where Scott had to say, "Uh, Haven, I appreciate you defending me and all that, but...I really can't afford to have Jackson hate me any more than he already does."

Haven blew some hair out of her face, "Okay, I'll cut the guy some slack even though he doesn't deserve it."

Scott smiled gratefully, "Thanks."

Haven took his bowling shoes from him, "I'll bring these back for you." She dropped his and her own shoes off at the counter when Lydia approached. Haven saw her out of the corner of her eye and sighed inwardly.

"Your boyfriend is something, isn't he." Lydia cocked her head to the side, awaiting for whatever might be coming out of her mouth.

"It's way too early for me to consider Scott my boyfriend. Besides, I hate that label, it sounds so...juvenile." Haven shook her head because she felt like she had already had a similar conversation to this before, even though she knew she didn't. Moving on, ignoring the feeling, Haven picked up where she left off, "And boyfriend or not, yeah, he is something. Especially when he doesn't make me feel like I have to pretend to suck for his benefit." Haven smiled sweetly at Lydia before walking away.

Allison walked over to Lydia and asked, "What was that about?"

"I don't like your twin very much." Was all Lydia had to say to that before turning around and walking away.

Allison let out a deep breath because tonight hadn't gone the way she planned. She pretty much learned nothing but her suspicions of Scott grew. No one could go from zero to sixty like that with bowling...unless Scott was faking the whole thing? Apparently she was going to have to up her game on trying to figure out whether or not he was a werewolf.

* * *

><p>Allison went into the house first to give Haven and Scott their goodbye whatever. That didn't stop her or their father from watching through the window though. Not that Scott or Haven even noticed.<p>

As they walked to the front door, Scott said, "Maybe we can do this again sometime?"

"If it's just the two of us, then I'm game." Haven replied, chuckling lightly.

Scott took Haven's hand in his, "I think I can handle that."

"Oh really?" Haven took a step closer to him, "What else can you handle, I wonder?" She wrapped her arms around his neck and softly pressed her lips against his before pulling back to look into his eyes.

Scott placed his hands on her waist at a respectful level, "Oh, I could absolutely handle more of that." The pair smiled before their lips met once more. This kiss slightly deeper than the other. Finally they parted and Haven smiled, "Good night, Scott."

"Good night." He replied, watching her go into the house before making his leave. The smile on his face not once faltering.

Haven felt daydreamy as she walked into the house and darted upstairs before anyone could question her. She didn't want anything or anyone ruin what she felt. The feeling, that start of falling for someone, felt so...familiar to her. Haven couldn't explain it, but what she was feeling...it felt like coming home.

* * *

><p>The last thing Haven remembered was getting ready for bed, but the next moment, she was in the woods walking towards the Hale House. Haven Argent had never been there before, and yet she recognized where she was on sight.<p>

"What the hell?" She looked around, having no idea how the hell she had gotten there. "This is a dream, this is a dream." Haven repeated, but pinched herself to be sure. She didn't wake up after that so she was slowly starting to get into freak out mode.

"Nope, just a dream, still just a dream." Haven was about to walk her believed dream self back home but she heard some growling and crashing coming from the house. Her curiosity was getting the better of her so she crept towards the sound to get a look. Her eyes went wide when she saw what was within. Haven felt like she was witnessing a horror movie with two Wolfmen going at it.

She knew she should run like hell, but something was keeping her there, so she just kept watching. When the bigger one clawed the other, Haven winced. Following the wince was a gasp. She quickly put her hand over her mouth to muffle it. The sight before her...well she couldn't believe it...the Wolfmen turned into Derek and Scott.

Haven over heard the conversation between them and suddenly, somehow, she was starting to believe this was all real. The wave of 'I knew it' going through her again didn't help matters. So Haven, in her Alice in Wonderland pajamas and Cheshire Cat slippers, stormed into the house. Derek and Scott were both shocked to see her there. Neither of them sensed her approach in any definition of the word.

It took her a moment before she began to speak, "I don't know how I got here, I'm not even sure I fully believe what I just saw, but...I have questions, and I'm damn well going to get some answers."

It was only a matter of time, indeed.

* * *

><p>End Episode 3<p>

4. Bane Bullet

Haven sat on the floor in the Hale house, her hands tapping on the knees of her Alice in Wonderland pajamas. They had finally finished their discussion about werewolves and hunters and all that jazz. She could feel Derek and Scott's eyes on her, but she was staring off into space. Haven felt like she had already known all this, but didn't know any of this before, and it was all too weird. She still had no idea how she managed to get out to the Hale house that night either. That thought train was on the back burner for the time being,

she could only handle one thing right now.

"Haven? Are you okay?" Scott asked from across the room, giving her space to process. She'd been quiet for awhile now so he was starting to worry.

"I just found out that Wolfmen are real and my family hunts them. Switch places with me for a moment then you tell me whether or not I'm okay." Haven shot back, not really looking at him, still staring off into space.

"I'm surprised you didn't already know any of this." Derek crossed his arms, looking at her. It was clear that Haven didn't have a clue, but he thought she'd know something. Especially given the family she was a part of.

"Allison isn't going to believe this." Haven thought aloud, thinking about telling her sister everything she had just learned and ask for her help in figuring it all out, processing it.

"Your twin already knows." Derek replied, catching the attention of both Haven and Scott. "She was one of the hunters that night. In fact, she's the one that shot you in the arm with the bow."

Haven honestly felt like her blood was boiling, "What?...WHAT?!" That realization brought Haven to her feet, "She know_s?!" Her heart started to pound in her chest, "How could she not tell me about this!" Haven ran her hands through her hair as she paced. All of this was getting to be too much for her.

"Haven, calm down. It sounds like you're going to give yourself a heart attack." All in all, Scott thought she was handling this very well, which was weird. A relief, granted, but still weird.

She tried to steady her breathing, but it still felt like she was being overwhelmed. Not acknowledging Derek, just keeping her eyes on Scott, she asked, "What am I supposed to do?"

"You could not tell your family." Derek snarkily pointed out, that received a 'death glare' from Haven in reply.

Scott shot Derek a bit of a glare as well before facing Haven, "Do what you feel is right, Haven. I'm not going to stop you from doing anything but I will ask you not to tell your family about me...please."

Finding out about Scott didn't stop what she was starting to feel for him. In fact, if anything else, it increased her desire to protect him. "Okay." Haven promised, nodding. She had never kept anything from her sister before, but it was apparently time since Allison had been keeping things from her for who knows how long.

Haven rubbed her arms, processing the next question that came to mind, "Can I help?" She should have elaborated more, since she received furrowed brows of question from the Wolfmen in the room, "Is there anything I can do to help with your Alpha problem and whatnot? I pretty much heard everything you guys were saying in here before I dove head first down the rabbit hole." She caught onto Scott's grin and her facepalm moment followed because she realized just what kind of pajamas she decided to wear that night.

"Don't tell anyone what you know and stay out of this. That's how you can help." Derek replied firmly before turning to Scott, "Not take her home before anyone knows she gone."

Scott nodded and walked over to Haven, "Do you mind, me taking you home?" he wasn't sure how she felt about him anymore. Even though she wasn't acting like he thought she would, he still worried that when things sunk in she'd want nothing to do with him at all.

"Nope." Haven replied then laughed suddenly, "Definitely note steroids." She was referring back to her previous conversation with Scott. Yeah, she probably should have had a freak out or something, but that feeling inside her that she already knew all this kept that from happening. It felt like old news in a way.

Derek shook his head at the teens because he did not want to know what that was in reference to. "Get out of here. Now."

Scott and Haven took the hint and walked out of the house. She felt weird taking a seat on his handle bars, but that's what he had to do. "Don't kill me, now." Haven laughed, referring to the bike but Scott took it as something else. When she saw his expression she exclaimed, "The bike! I meant the bike!" Scott looked relieved and chuckled awkwardly.

"It's late." He said, "I should get you home."

The whole bike ride away from the Hale house and to the Argents was filled with nothing but a heavy silence around them.

Haven had Scott drop her off a little ways from the house so no one would see him if they were awake. Sneaking back into the house wasn't hard to do at all, but it was weird that no one was awake. Part of her wondered if she'd be ripped a new one for being gone so long, in the morning. Either way, she was going back upstairs to try and get some sleep. She doubted that she'd get any though.

She was definitely right about that, it wasn't long before she heard footsteps and got up and went to see what was going on. She was she changed out of her other pajama set so whoever she came across wouldn't notice they were coated with dirt, and a bit torn from her foot slipping and catching onto Scott's bike.

Going out into the hall, Haven pretended like she had just woken up. She caught sight of her dad heading out, "Is everything okay?" she asked, wondering why he was leaving at 2ish o'clock in the morning.

"Everything's fine, Haven. Your Aunt Kate just texted, she's having some car trouble." Chris answered.

Haven felt like he was lying, which was weird because it was suddenly like a sixth sense kicked in or something. And yet, she played a long, "It's not serious is it?"

"No, just a flat tire. It's fine, go back to bed." Chris waved her along to get her going.

"Okay...good night, dad." Haven gave a sleepy wave before yawning and

going back to her room. Once the door was closed, her eyes narrowed. Every fiber of her being told her that her father was lying and it was a feeling that she hated. There was nothing she could do about it right then, so she climbed into bed and tried to get some sleep.

* * *

><p>"She's here!" Allison squealed, jumping onto Haven's bed to wake up her sleeping twin.<p>

Haven groaned, and rolled over, "Who's here?" In her half asleep state she had forgotten about Chris telling her that Kate was in town.

"Kate! Now come on, get up!" Allison pulled a reluctant Haven out of bed before running down the hall to Kate's room.

Haven was far less enthusiastic than she would have been any other time Kate showed up. After finding out that her entire family hunted down werewolves, she wasn't a big fan of any of them in that moment. But the last thing she wanted was anyone catching onto the fact that she knew because then she'd have to explain and Haven was not going to put Scott in danger like that.

So, Haven plastered on an excited face and headed down to Kate's room. She walked in just in time to hear Kate say to Allison, "I got it covered." and winked.

"Mini me!" Kate exclaimed, giving Haven a big hug. Since everyone thought Kate and Haven looked so much alike, Kate dubbed her niece 'mini me'.

"It's great to see you!" Haven was surprisingly good at this whole acting thing, something she wasn't even aware of about herself.

"God! I haven't see you two in a year and you both turn into freaking runway models." Kate couldn't get over how gorgeous the twins were.

"Ugh, we haven't even showered yet." Allison laughed, sitting on Kate's bed with Haven.

"Girls you are knock outs. I hate you." Kate scrunched her face up at them and Haven stuck out her tongue in reply. "I hope you both have boys knocking each others teeth out for your attention."

"I'm keeping my options open, but Haven here kinda has one." Allison nudged Haven, who rolled her eyes.

"You kinda have one? You should kinda have a million." Kate set down the shirt she was folding and sat down with the girls.

"Need some help unpacking?" Haven asked, reaching out for one of the bags but Kate's hand shot out and grabbed her wrist.

"Not that one." Kate was firm with her grip and her tone, both unintentional, before releasing Haven's wrist. "See, you get gorgeous and I'm too quick to channel my kung fu classes." Kate was trying to

make light of the situation.

Haven acted like it was nothing and said, "You're gonna have to show me a few moves. I'd _love_ to get a grip like that."

"It's a date, mini me." Kate replied, winking as she got up to put a bag in the bathroom.

Haven smiled then asked, "Hey, how your car?" This question was a casual one, but she was also fishing.

"My car? Oh it's fine, just needed a jumpstart." Kate replied from the bathroom.

Haven's caught what was hoping to; the lie. "Come on, Alli, we better get ready for school." The twins got up from the bed, "See you later, Auntie!" Haven called out with a smile, walking out of the room.

* * *

><p>A part of Haven wasn't sure how she'd feel when she saw Scott at school. Would she suddenly get hit with 'holy shit he's a Wolfman that can kill me!' or 'is there really a future for us?' or something like that. As soon as Scott came into her view down the hall, all those worries were thrown away. She sprinted over to him and leaped on his back, something that's been a habit as of late.<p>

Scott must have sense her coming or something, because he wasn't surprised this time. "Hey, stranger." he said grinning.

Haven mussed up his hair before sliding off his back, "Good morning...you okay?"

"Shouldn't I be asking you that?" He asked, looking around, "Where's you sister?"

"Lydia kidnapped her the second we arrived." Haven replied. For once she was glad that Lydia absconded with her sister.

"Are we still on for studying later?" That was the last plan they made together before his big revelation.

Haven thought for a moment, "Yes." She answered with a smile then looked terrified, "No!"

Scott went from happy to 'oh shit' in two seconds flat.

"My aunt is in town...I don't think you coming over to my house is a good idea. Even if it's just studying." Haven explained. If something happened to Scott because of her, well she wouldn't be able to forgive herself.

"Oh, okay." Scott was happy to know that it wasn't because of his supernatural status that she was canceling on him. "Another time?"

The bell rang for class so Haven answered with "Absolutely." before giving him a quick peck on the lips, and rushing off to class.

Haven couldn't contain the smile on her face because there went those

bats again.

* * *

><p>Later that day, Haven was running late for class because she left her book in her locker. Sprinting down the hall, she skidded to a stop when she...felt something. Felt probably wasn't the best word for it, but it was the best she could think of in that moment. Her pace slowed as she continued down the hall and turned the corner, "Holy crap." she voiced aloud when she saw Derek practically on the floor. For lack of better description, he looked like a drug addict that hadn't gotten a hit in awhile. That mental comparison was like a punch in the gut for Haven, almost like it was a familiar one. She shook her head to drive that thought from her mind and went over to Derek, "What the hell happened to you?"<p>

"Where's Scott?" He answered, straining to speak from the sounds of it.

"He's in class, I'm not sure which one." Haven replied, then the bell rang. She could see that sound was causing Derek serious pain. "Trust me or not, I'm helping you. Come on."

Haven propped Derek up the best she could and helped him out of the school. Once they were out of sight, she looked at her watch. Haven didn't have a car so she couldn't drive him anywhere, and she certainly couldn't ask Allison without suspicion, so that left one person.

"What's your plan now?" Derek asked, grimacing a bit from the pain shooting through his arm.

"We wait for Stiles. He's the only one with a car." Haven replied anxiously before turning around to look at Derek. "Let me see." When she approached, he moved away from her before sitting on the ground, leaning back against the wall of the school.

"Trust me or not, I'm helping you. Don't make me a broken record." Haven scolded and took off Derek's coat, even though he was weakly fighting her on it. "What the hell is that?" Haven asked looking at the blue wound on his arm.

"I was shot with wolfsbane." Derek answered weakly.

"Oh, shit. That's bad, that's really bad." Haven has watched enough Wolfman movies to know that wolfsbane was bad for werewolves.

Derek looked at her with a 'ya think?' expression.

Haven ignored the look and asked, "What can I do? There's got to be something?"

"Just get me out of here." Derek replied and Haven rolled her eyes. It was clear that he didn't trust her and she just knew that he didn't like that Scott made him tell her everything. But if he wanted to be a stubborn ass and die because of it, then fine. She tried. "Class is almost over." Haven helped Derek to his feet and they made it to the parking lot just as school was letting out.

Derek was starting to get heavier which meant he was getting weaker,

"If you make me fall I will kick your ass." Haven muttered to him, practically pulling him into Stiles' Jeep's path. Thankfully Stiles hit the breaks before they got hit.

Moments later Stiles was out of the car and Scott ran over, "What's going on? What happened?"

"He's been shot." Haven guided Derek to lean on the Jeep because she couldn't support him any longer. That didn't help much because he soon fell to the ground.

"What?" Scott turned to Derek, "Why aren't you healing?"

"Different kind of bullet." Derek replied and Stiles' eyes went wide. "A silver bullet?" he asked.

"No, you idiot." Derek replied and Haven rolled her eyes.

"Wolfsbane." Haven replied in a hushed tone, "Now get him in the freaking car!" She couldn't believe it had taken the three of them this long to get Derek in the bloody jeep.

Once Derek was inside, Haven noticed Allison looking for her, "Shit, I have to go. If I find anything out, I'll call." Haven darted away from them over to Allison, really hoping that she didn't see anything.

"Everything okay over there?" Allison asked upon Haven's approach. "Who was that?"

"A friend of Stiles'." Haven replied, "Everything's fine...shall we?"

Allison looked skeptical, but didn't say anything more. But that didn't stop Haven from wondering what her sister was thinking.

Haven filled Allison in on the events of the day that didn't involve Scott or Derek and all that. She couldn't stay off the topic of Scott forever though, especially when Allison asked, "Is Scott still coming over to study?"

"No," Haven replied, "something came up." She was turned into a liar when Scott's bike skidded to a stop in the driveway just as Allison pulled in.

"I thought something came up?" She looked at her sister, "And how did he get here the same time as us?" Allison asked suspiciously.

Ignoring the first part, Haven said, "Short cut? Really short, short cut?"

Allison, once again, looked like she didn't believe her, but didn't say a word about it. She got out of the car with Haven right behind her, "Hello, Scott." she greeted before going inside.

Haven waited a minute before punching Scott in the arm, "What the hell is wrong with you?! I told you not to come!"

"One of your relatives shot Derek with the bullet. He needs to know what kind it is or he's going to die in less than 48 hours, if even that." Scott replied.

"And you couldn't have just called me and asked me to look for it? Especially since I was already planning on doing something to help?" Haven raised her brows at him.

Scott looked like he hadn't considered that, "I...I could have done that...I guess."

"_Yeah_." Haven replied in a drawn out way. "Now get out of here before anyone else sees you." She was just about to shove him along, but it was too late, Allison came back outside.

"You guys going to come in or what?" Allison called out from the doorway, crossing her arms.

Scott looked at Haven apologetically for making things complicated.

Haven mildly glared at him before putting on a smile for Allison, "We're coming." she grabbed onto Scott's arm and led him into the house.

"I'll give you two some private time since no one else is going to be home for hours." Allison winked at them before heading up the stairs to her room.

As soon as the sound of Allison's door was heard, Haven spoke in a hushed tone, "Okay so we're looking for a Bane Bullet that Derek thinks someone from my family fired?"

"Yeah." Scott replied, noticing a picture on the wall. "Who's that?" He pointed to the family picture with Kate in it.

"That's my dad's sister, Kate. She got in last night...wait...was she the one that shot Derek?" Haven looked at Scott for explanation.

"She looks familiar...I think she was who I saw last night." Scott couldn't help but feel bad for Haven for all this. She was taking in so much in such a short amount of time and couldn't even talk to her sister about it.

Haven ran her hand through her hair, "Okay...we're looking for a bullet so...I think I know where to look first." She grabbed Scott's hand and led him out to the garage. On one wall was a large metal gun case. "My dad sells guns to law enforcement, but I'm starting to think that's more of a cover than anything else. If the bullet isn't here...I'm not sure where else to look."

"Do you know anything about this...stuff?" Scott asked, looking at all the various firearms that were caged up.

"I know the basics." Haven replied, "And I know how to shoot, got pretty good aim." She had no idea where that came from because she had never held a gun in her life and yet it didn't feel like a lie. A lot of weird stuff had been happening like that to her, but she kept pushing it down. "Anyway, I'm more of a blade fan. Give me a knife

over a gun any day." Now that Haven knew was true. "But if I was ever in a battle...I'd want a whip." She was almost embarrassed to admit that because of all the sexual references to it.

The image of Haven using a whip in a fight caused Scott's eyes to go wide, because it was very intimidating to him and yet it seemed to suit her. "You're scary." Scott teased and Haven grinned from ear to ear.

"Why, thank you." Haven actually liked the sound of that.

Getting back on track, Scott looked at the locked gun case. "Any idea on how to actually get in there?"

This time it was Haven's turn to have an 'I didn't think of that' face. She didn't even get a chance to reply when she heard the door open. The pair quickly darted against the car to stay out of view.

"Hey, Chris! Get your ass out of the fifties and help with the groceries!" They heard Kate call out.

Chris, who was in the garage, replied, "I'll be right there."

Haven thought that was going to be that, but then Chris came into view and asked, "Would you two like to help?"

They were so busted, "Yeah, sure." They both replied in their own ways before awkwardly standing to their feet. "I am so glad I never wanted Spy as my career choice." Haven muttered to herself, getting a chuckle from Scott in reply.

* * *

><p>Scott was about to bring in the last bag of groceries, but Chris took it from him with a "Thank you."<p>

Haven appeared at her father's side, "Okay, so, Scott, you should probably get going." Now that her dad and Kate were there too, she really worried about them catching onto Scott.

"You don't want to study?" Scott knew what Haven was trying to do, but he wasn't going to get out of there so easily.

"I think I can focus better on my own." Haven replied, smiling, "But another time."

"Come on, Haven. You know you want him to stay." Allison spoke, joining them outside. "Scott should stay for supper."

"I don't think that's a good idea." Haven had a feeling that she was going to lose this argument though.

"I think it's a great idea." Kate chimed in, grinning. "Come on, big brother, invite the young man for supper."

Chris looked at Scott intimidatingly, "You eat meat?"

Scott nodded in reply, "Then you're welcome to join. It will give us a chance to get to know one another."

Haven planted her face in her hands, then a laughing Kate and Allison brought her inside. They just thought she was embarrassed but really Haven was thinking 'shit, shit, shit!'.

Dinner was going alright for the most part. There were no direct questions about werewolves or even hints at threats or anything like that. Not that they'd do it with Haven present, since they believed she didn't know anything about all that stuff.

What was going on was a lot of interrogation and even more snide remarks about Scott made by her father. It got to the point where Haven had enough, "Dad, there's a difference between interrogation and being an ass."

Kate tried to hide her laughter, Allison tried to kick Haven for that but hit Scott instead, and Victoria looked at her daughter in a scolding manner. Chris, set his fork down, put his elbows on the table and laced his fingers together in an attempt to compose himself before replying. "I would have thought you'd be used to my tactics by now. After all, you've been to these dinners for Allison's boyfriends often enough." Chris turned to Allison, "No offense, dear."

Allison brushed it off, "None taken." It really didn't bother her because she knew she could go through guys like a deck of cards.

Haven gave Scott a questioning look when his phone buzzed. He turned the phone so she could see that it was Stiles before he asked, "May I use the bathroom?"

"Of course." Victoria said politely, "It's right upstairs at the end of the hall."

"Thanks." Scott left the table after that, feeling slightly bad for leaving Haven alone at the table.

Haven was just about to get up when Chris said, "Don't even think about it, Haven. You two aren't going to sneak off and make out like you did in the garage." She reluctantly sat back down and didn't correct her father on what they were actually doing in the garage. It was better that he thought they were making out than looking for a Bane Bullet.

"I like him. He's got spunk." Kate grinned at Chris, "And you like him too, you just don't want to admit it."

Chris gave Kate his signature 'shut up' look before going back to his meal.

The family just had some random chit chat and Allison filled Kate in on her friends and the annoying Greenburg and whatnot. Haven was starting to wonder what Scott was actually up to when he asked to go to the bathroom.

"I'm starting to think he got lost." Allison voice, almost as if she knew what Haven was just thinking about.

Chris sighed, "Go check on your friend."

Haven didn't need to be told twice. She darted up from her seat and raced up the stairs to find Scott and metaphorically kick his ass for taking so long and making them downstairs suspicious.

She found Scott in the guest room, aka Kate's room. "What are you doing?" Haven practically hissed at him as he pulled a bag from underneath Kate's bed.

"I smell it." Scott whispered back.

"Smell what?" Haven asked then it clicked, "You can smell the Bane Bullet?"

"Yeah." Scott replied, pulling a black box from the bag and then a smaller wooden box out of that one. "This is it."

"Well take it and get your butt downstairs, they're getting suspicious!" Haven scolded him then said, "I'll take care of that, now go."

Scott rushed past Haven to get downstairs while she put the stuff back in its place. The words engraved on the wooden bullet box caught her eye. She had taken French classes for years so the translation was easy as pie. Before putting everything away and back under the bed, she texted the translation of 'Nordic Blue Monkshood' to both Stiles and Scott. Once everything was back in its place, she headed downstairs.

Once back in the dining room, Scott said, "Hey, I was just telling your family that I should get going."

"Oh, okay. I'll walk you out." Haven replied but Kate had another idea.

"Nuh, uh. I want to know more about you, Mr. McCall. Take a seat. You too, Haven." Kate pointed at their chairs across from her.

The pair took their seats and Victoria said, "Scott, Haven's mentioned you work at a Veterinary clinic?"

"Uh, yeah." Scott replied, "For about a year now."

"What does your boss think about the animal attacks?" Chris asked before sipping his wine.

"Everyone thinks it's a mountain lion." Scott replied, trying to get of this topic as quickly as possible.

Kate scoffed, "It'd have to be one pretty big mountain lion."

Allison leaned forward a little, "What do you think it is, Scott?"

Scott looked at Haven for a moment before answering, "Uh, I don't know. I don't have any experience with big animals like that. We just get cats and dogs, mostly."

"You've never had to deal with a rabid dog before?" Chris inquired and Scott shook his head. Chris continued with a pretty scary story

about a rabid dog that Chris knew of and emphasized how the once docile creature became a wild killing machine with one single bite. At the end of the story, he said, "My father shot the dog because it was too dangerous to keep alive. Something that dangerous needs to be put down." Chris never took his eyes off Scott during the entire story.

Both Haven and Scott thought the same thing; Everyone at the table...they knew.

* * *

><p>The family finally permitted for Scott to leave, so Haven grabbed his backpack and walked him to the door. "Do they know?" Scott whispered, "Or was that your dad's way of freaking me out or something?"<p>

"I don't know." Haven answered honestly, handing the bag over. "I really hope he was just trying to scare the crap out of you."

Scott put the bag over his shoulder, "Either way...he succeeded."

Haven took his hand in hers, "I'm sorry...for everything."

"It's okay...I'll see you later." Scott and Haven shared a soft kiss and another whispered goodbye. He almost made it out the door before Kate came over.

"Sorry guys, but I have to ask Scott something." Kate reached between the teens and closed the door.

"Me?" Scott felt a pang of worry, "What is it?"

Kate put her hands at the back of her hips, "What did you take from my bag?"

Scott tried to remain as calm as possible, "What?"

"My bag." Kate repeated, "What did you take from it?"

"Oh come on, Kate. Do you really think Scott took something from your bag?" Haven was doing her best to take the heat off Scott.

"What's going on?" Chris asked, joining them.

Scott and Haven shared a look between them, silently trying to figure out a way to get out of this.

"My bag was open in the guest room, and when I left it was shut." Kate explained, looking at Scott. "Scott went in there to use the bathroom and voila, my bag is open."

"He didn't take anything from your bag." Haven was a bit more firm as opposed to offended this time. She was going to continue speaking but Kate cut her off.

"Scott, I hate to be the accuser here, because I really do love those adorable brown eyes of yours, but something was taken from my bag. Come on, what's in your pockets. Prove me wrong." Kate wasn't going

to let this go.

"I'll prove you wrong." Haven interjected, "Scott wasn't going through your bags, I was." She slipped her hand into her back pocket and pulled out a condom, showing them what she was talking about. Scott looked wide eyed to see that but Haven didn't have to say another word.

Kate pressed her lips together and looked at Chris for his reaction to that, but he couldn't formulate any words at that point in time.

"Now if the accusations are over, Scott and I will be going." Haven opened the door and Scott headed out first.

"You just showed off a condom! Do you really think I'm going to let you go off alone with him?" Chris wasn't about to let her go anywhere with Scott after seeing that.

"I don't particularly want to be here right now after you guys interrogated, insulted, and accused him of stealing. Don't worry. I'll be safe." Haven was referring to in general, but she made it sound like she was talking about the condom.

Before another word could be said, Haven plucked her bag off the hook, went outside to grab her own bike and pedaled off with Scott. She knew that her parents would be fuming when she got home, but honestly...it was worth it.

As they rode their bikes down the street, Scott said, "So...a..."

"Finish that sentence and I'll put a stick in your tire." Haven was embarrassed to no end about her little 'just in case' item, but that didn't stop her from threatening him with her wrath.

"A nice night, huh?" Scott voiced instead and the two laughed before picking up speed to get to the Animal Clinic faster.

* * *

><p>Scott and Haven ran into the back room of the clinic in time to see Stiles with a bone saw aimed at Derek's arm, "What the hell are you doing?!" They unintentionally exclaimed in unison.<p>

"Oh, thank god." Stiles replied, looking so very relieved that he wasn't going to have to do what Derek wanted him to. "You just prevented a lifetime of nightmares."

Derek looked like death warmed over now, "Did you get it?"

Scott reached into his pocket and handed the bullet to him.

"What are you going to do with it?" Stiles asked, but Derek couldn't answer. His eyes rolled in the back of his head before collapsing to the floor. The bullet rolled away and into the floor drain. Scott hurried to grab it while Haven and Stiles tried to wake Derek up.

In the midst of this Stiles shouted, "Wait, you know?!"

"Did you _just_ realize that?" Haven shouted back.

With everything else going on, he really didn't have time to process, "Yes!"

"Will you two stop it? Is he waking up?" Scott called out from his side of the room but Derek still wasn't.

Haven slapped him a couple times, but still nothing. "Punch him."

Stiles looked at her like she was insane, "What?!"

"**Punch him**." Haven repeated, "You're probably stronger than me so just do it!"

Stiles grumbled something under his breath, "Don't kill me for this." He punched Derek as hard as he could and thought he broke his hand in the process.

"I got it!" Scott went over to them, just as Derek was coming to. He handed over the bullet and they helped Derek get to his feet.

Haven stood back and watched as Derek used his teeth to open the bullet then poured out the powder that was inside it. He pulled a lighter from his pocket, ignited the powder then scooped it into his good hand. She gasped when he planted the powder onto his wound and stuck his finger inside. Derek cried out in pain and almost buckled from it. Actually, he did.

Derek fell onto his back, his body writhing in pain before the wound completely healed before their eyes.

Stiles thought it was amazing, "Yes! That was awesome!"

Haven and Scott had no words for him, they just...stared. Haven turned to Derek, "Are you okay?"

"You mean except for the agonizing pain?" Derek replied, sarcastically.

Haven crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes. She was usually the one shooting the sarcasm, but didn't particularly like being on the receiving end of it.

"Okay, we saved your life now you leave us alone or else I'm going to tell Haven's dad everything." That was a lame threat, and Scott knew it, especially since he was terrified of him.

"You're going to trust them? You think they're really going to help you?" Derek shot back.

"Haven helped you!" Scott retorted, "You trusted _her_."

"I don't trust her." Derek replied, then looked at Haven, "And if you're smart, you wouldn't trust your family."

Haven knew a millions reasons why, but replied the way she did anyway, "Give me one good reason why."

Derek accepted that challenge, "I'll show you."

The teens looked at each other, wondering what the hell Derek meant by that.

* * *

><p>Derek drove Scott and Haven to the Beacon Hills Nursing home. When the teens got out of the car, Haven asked, "What are we doing here?"<p>

Derek didn't take the time to answer, he just strode inside. They had to pick up the pace to keep up with him. He led them to a patient's room and walked inside.

There was a man sitting in the dark room, looking catatonic. Haven felt like she had seen him before, but couldn't place where.

"Who is he?" Scott asked, looking at Derek.

"My uncle." He replied, "Peter Hale."

That name struck something inside of Haven. She would swear she knew the name and it was driving her crazy that she couldn't figure it out.

"Is he...like you? A werewolf?" Scott asked and Derek replied with, "He was. But now he's barely even human."

Derek didn't take his eyes off Peter as he continued to speak, "Six years ago my sister and I were at school. Our house caught fire, eleven people were trapped inside. He was the only survivor."

"What makes you think the Argents set the fire?" Scott asked, defending Haven's family since she was silent.

"Because they were the only ones who knew about us." Derek replied, "You think they must have had a reason, don't you? Tell me, what kind of reason? What reason justifies this?" He turned his uncle's chair around to reveal the severe burn scars on that half of his body. "They say they only kill adults with proof, but there were people in my family that were perfectly ordinary in that fire. This is what they do." Derek turned his attention to Haven when he said, "This is what your family does and if you don't keep your guard up around them, then this is what you will do."

Haven clenched her fists, "I will never do anything like this. I don't care what they try and make me do."

Derek scoffed, "You'd just turn your back on your family, just like that?" he snapped his fingers when he said the word 'that'.

"If they are as horrible as you say...and a part of me believes they are...then they are not my family." Haven replied, meaning every word of it.

"What are you doing? How did you even get in here?" A nurse asked from behind them.

"We were just leaving." Derek replied, walking out with Scott and

Haven right behind him.

* * *

><p>It was pretty late by the time Haven got home and Chris was right there waiting for her. "You are in so much trouble, young lady."<p>

That word, trouble, resonated with her oddly again. Every time that word was used it made her feel weird. With everything going on, it was no wonder she was starting to feel like she was going crazy.

"Can we talk about this tomorrow? I'm tired." Haven tried to walk past her father but he blocked her path.

"No, we are not going to talk about this tomorrow. What are you and that boy doing? Didn't we raise you better than that?" Chris sounded disappointed in her.

"Oh, so because it's me wanting to have sex it's some sort of crime but Alli goes through guys faster than Carter's got liver pills and that's okay?" Haven was so not in the mood for this and that made her lash out. "I am sick and tired of being the disappointment, dad. It's so obvious Allison is and always has been the favored one, but for one will you cut me some slack?"

"Haven, we have never favored Allison over you." Chris tried to defend himself but he was failing.

"Yes, you have! Both you and mom have! I'm somehow always out of the loop, Allison gets away with everything, and...ugh! I'm done with this!" Haven threw up her hands and stormed off to her room. She slammed the door behind her. She didn't even make it to her bed before Allison came in without knocking.

"What is going on?" Allison asked, only hearing a little bit of the argument downstairs.

Haven honestly couldn't even look at her sister, "Alli...I love you...but get the hell out of my room."

Allison didn't listen and started to approach her sister, "Haven..."

She whipped around and shouted at Allison, "Dammit, Alli! Get the hell out of my room!" Her sister took the hint and without another word, she walked out and closed the door behind her.

Haven started to pace around the room, feeling as if her brain was about to explode. So much was happening in such a short amount of time and she had no escape from it...not really. The only thing she could think to do was sketch, it was the only thing that cleared her mind.

For the past month ish, since they moved in, Haven had been sketching various faces that she didn't recognize and yet she drew them over and over again. These faces calmed her even though she had no idea why. Haven Argent didn't know that it was Haven Parker taking control and all the faces she drew were those of who she loved...from the

world where she truly belonged...she just didn't know it yet.

* * *

><p>End Episode 4<p>

5. Spider Monkey

Ever since the dinner with Scott and her family, the night of the Bane Bullet, Haven has hardly spent any time at home. Technically she was grounded, but that didn't stop her. She needed space from her family. Yes, her sister included. She couldn't get over how Allison had kept all of this from her. Even when she straight out asked her sister if she believed in werewolves. What else was Allison lying to her about? What were they all lying to her about? She didn't have an answer for that but she was determined to find out.

Haven put her bag over her shoulder, crossing it across her chest, and headed for her window. She was halfway out to the roof when Kate appeared in her doorway. "Going somewhere Mini Me?"

With a sigh, Haven stuck her head back in her room and said, "Yeah. You going to try and stop me?"

"No." Kate walked into the room with her arms crossed, "But I would like to know what's going on with you. Is this really all about being pissed at us for getting on your boyfriend's case?"

"I hate that word. There's gotta be something better than that" Haven muttered to herself before sighing again. "I am pissed about a lot of things and to top it all off I'm sick of being pushed aside while Alli is on the pedestal. I've had it and finally I'm doing something about it."

"You've always been the rebellious one, Haven, but never when it came to your family. Just talk to me. What's really going on because I don't buy the whole twin drama. It's never been an issue before." Kate sat down on Haven's bed and waited for her niece's reply.

Looking right at Kate, she said, "It's always been an issue, Kate. I've just gotten tired of accepting it." Without another word, Haven climbed out of the window the rest of the way and with a little flip jump off the roof, she landed feet first on the ground. After adjusting her bag, she looked up and saw Kate leaning out the window. No words were exchanged between them but Haven felt a pang in her chest. They used to be so close, almost as close as she was with Allison, but now every time she looked at anyone in her family...all she felt was betrayal.

Haven grabbed her bike and started off down the street to meet up with Scott. They made plans with a reluctant Derek for a crash course in all things Werewolf. Although to be technical it was a crash course on all things Werewolf where Hunters were concerned. Haven managed to convince Derek that she was an ally and not an enemy. Sure, she doubted he actually bought it and figured he only agreed for a 'keep your friends close and enemies closer' kind of deal.

Haven was halfway to the McCall house when she got a text from Scott telling her to meet them at the back of video store. She thought the change of venue was a weird one but didn't question it. When she arrived, there were an ambulance and cops cars out front. Because of the situation up front, Haven took the long way around to get to the back. She dropped her bike to the ground and went over to Scott who was waiting for her back there, "What happened?" She asked, referring to the scene up front.

"We'll explain. I'll give you a ride up." Scott replied and gestured for her to climb onto his back.

Haven shrugged and got aboard. "If you call me your little spider monkey I'll kill you."

"I have no idea why I would, but okay." Scott replied with laughter because he didn't get her Twilight reference. Once he was sure she was holding on tight, he jumped onto the dumpster before making a leap to the edge of the video store's roof and climbed over.

Haven slid off his back once they were safely on top of the building with an 'that was awesome' look on her face as the pair crossed the building to see Derek who was looking at what was going on below. "What happened?" she asked again, crouching down. She could see Stiles and his dad, along with Lydia and Jackson sitting at the back of an ambulance.

"The Alpha attacked. Killed a man inside. The store employee." Derek gave the briefest of cliff-notes ever and that annoyed Haven to no end. Going back to their previous conversation, he looked at Scott and asked, "Starting to get it?"

Scott crouched down next to Haven and answered, "I get that he's killing people, but I don't get why. I mean...this isn't standard practice, right?"

"I hope all Wolfmen don't go out in the middle of the night to kill people." Haven added in even though she knew she wasn't meant for this conversation.

"The term is werewolves. Not Wolfmen." Derek found her choice of what to call them irking. "And no, we're predators. We don't have to be killers."

"Then why is he a killer?" Scott didn't understand why the Alpha was killing people when it wasn't necessary.

"That's what we're going to find out." Derek looked at both Scott and Haven when he said that before turning around to take leave.

The teens looked at each other for a moment before getting to their feet and following after him.

Derek refused to put Haven's bike in the trunk of his car and Scott wasn't going to let her ride out to the Hale House at night, so Haven ended up using her bike chain to lock it around a tree near the video store. She hated just leaving it there but it was better than the Wolves getting into a fight about something as trivial as a bicycle.

* * *

><p>The ride to Derek's house was quiet, tense. Haven had the feeling that there was something discussed between the guys before she arrived. It was just the looks Scott kept shooting at Derek in the front that gave her this feeling. Like he wanted to say something but didn't want to start it in the car. She just hoped it wasn't something too bad so she wouldn't have to break up a fight when they got to their destination.<p>

Her suspicions were right. As soon as they walked into the house, Scott started talking to...well, more like shouting at Derek.

"I have a life, you know!" Scott knew that Haven wouldn't know what this was in reference to, but he couldn't keep it in any longer.

"No you don't." Derek was sarcastic with his reply.

"I don't care what you say about him making me his pet or whatever!" Scott couldn't remember the exact terminology and that fueled his shouting a bit.

Derek was calm when he corrected, "A part of his pack."

Scott threw his hands out to his sides, "Whatever! I have homework to do and I have a teacher conference tomorrow because I'm failing chemistry."

"Scott, calm down. Homework seems kinda unimportant compared to being a werewolf with an Alpha on the loose." Honestly, Haven would much rather be dealing with all this supernatural stuff than doing school work.

"Listen to your girlfriend, Scott." Derek couldn't believe it, but he was actually agreeing with the Argent. "Would you rather being doing homework or learning how to not die?"

Scott was getting frustrated about this whole thing.

"Scott, you have less than a week until the full moon. If you don't kill with him then he kills you." Derek couldn't make it any clearer.

Haven ran her hand through her hair, "Seriously, dude, who made up these rules?"

Scott pointed at Haven in a 'what she said' manner because he was just thinking the same thing.

"It's the rite of passage into his pack." Derek was staring to lose his patience with them.

"You know what else is a rite of passage?" Scott retorted, "Graduating high school. And you don't have to kill anyone to do it! Why can't you just find him yourself? Why can't you just sniff him out when he's a human? Why do you have to drag us into it?"

"Because his scent as a human could be entirely different. It has to be you. You have a connection with him, a link, that you don't understand. If I can teach you to control your abilities then you can

find him." Derek was about to continue when it clicked that Scott had asked why both he and Haven had to be dragged into this, and wasn't just referring to himself. With a scoff, he said, "I get it. You're being difficult because you don't want your girlfriend involved in all this. You think if you don't help that she won't be a part of it. Guess what, Scott. She was born into this. At least this way she's on the right side."

Haven let out a breath, putting her hands on her hips, "Do me a favor and don't talk about me like I'm not even here. I ****hate**** that. And..." Haven turned to face Scott, "If that's really what this is all about, don't worry about me."

"How can I not worry about you?!" Scott retorted rather emotionally, "You're dating a werewolf while living in a house filled with werewolf hunters that happen to be your family. What do you think they'll do to you when they find out that you knew but did nothing? What if the Alpha bites you too or worse, kills you? You really think I'm not going to worry about all this?"

Haven went over to him and put her hands on his shoulders, looking in square in the eyes. "Scott. You are going to drive yourself crazy if you worry about me as well as yourself. So stop, okay? Just stop. I have your back in all this just like I know you have mine but that's useless if we're both constantly worrying about the other."

Scott took a deep breath and nodded in an 'okay' manner before looking at Derek after Haven took her hands away from his shoulders, "If I help you find him...you can stop him?"

"Not alone. We're stronger in numbers." Derek replied, thinking 'finally he's getting his head on straight', then added, "A pack makes the individual more stronger."

"I have no idea what I'm doing." Scott admitted, looking from Derek to Haven.

"That's why I'm going to teach you." Derek replied. "Do you remember what happened that first night when you got shot in the arm? Right after you were hit?"

Scott nodded, remembering, "I changed back."

"Mhm. And when you were hit by his car, same thing right?" Derek asked and looked at Haven when she gasped and pointed at Scott.

"I knew I saw you, but not you!" Haven exclaimed. Now things made full circle sense.

Derek ignored her and went back to questioning Scott, "What's the common denominator?"

Scott thought for a moment and shook his head, shrugging, because he didn't know the answer.

Derek didn't have time to baby step Scott through this so he grabbed Scott's hand and twisted it, cracking the bones. Scott cried out in pain and Haven reacted.

She pulled a blade from her boot and held it to Derek's neck, "****Let.**

Him. Go.**"

Derek flashed his blue eyes at Haven before releasing his grip from Scott, "It'll heal." He backed away from the two lovebirds as he said, "Pain. It's pain that keeps you human."

Haven crouched down next to Scott and watched as his hand healed before their eyes. She looked at Scott then to Derek who waved his hand out in front of him and said, "Maybe you will survive."

Scott looked at Derek angrily as he walked away then looked at Haven with curiosity, "Where'd you get the knife?"

"I told you I was a knife girl." Haven answered, slipping the blade back into her boot.

"No whip?" Scott chuckled, getting to his feet, still holding onto his hand as it finished healing.

"It's in my bag." Haven patted said item with a grin. "Want to see how it works?" She led Scott outside as he asked her, "How did you get into whips anyway?"

"Ribbon dancing." Haven replied taking her bag off and setting it down beside her.

"I'm serious." Scott didn't believe that's how she got into her weapon of choice.

"So am I." Haven pulled out a handle and two attachments. Holding the red ribbon up she said, "This is for ribbon dancing. And this..." She held up a leather whip, "This is for fighting. I wasn't kidding when I said ribbon dancing got me into whips." She smiled over at Scott as he watched her attach the leather whip to the handle. "Still think I'm scary?" After receiving a nod from Scott in reply, she laughed.

Once the whip was in one piece she swung it around, cracked it twice in the air, then had a little fun. Haven took a couple steps forward, spun around with the whip then cracked it up at a tree branch. The smaller branch made an explosive sound as the whip made contact and broke into pieces as a result. With a smirk on her face, she turned around and saw Scott standing there with jaw dropped.

Haven didn't want to admit it, but she was blushing a little, "Better close your mouth McCall before you start catching flies."

Scott jokingly used his hand to close his mouth and looked at Haven in awe, "I am never making fun of ribbon dancing again."

Haven picked up her bag from the ground and patted Scott's arm with a grin, "Smart man."

* * *

><p>The next morning, Haven was getting ready for school as quickly as possible. A part of her wanted to just stay out all night, but thought that'd be too drastic and besides, she didn't have another place to crash. Spending the night with Scott was not gonna happen and she wasn't close enough friends with Stiles yet to ask, and since

she didn't have any other friends at the moment...yeah her choices were limited.<p>

Haven was just about to make it out of her room when Kate came in. "I smoothed things over with your dad. He gets that you're going through stuff and is going to give you space to vent. For now." Kate walked closer and said, "Look, Haven, I'm sorry for how I acted that night. I was being a protective, hard, bitch." She pulled a box out from behind her back and held it out to Haven, "I hope by giving you your birthday present now that you'll forgive me."

Haven narrowed her eyes at Kate a little and didn't answer. She took the box from Kate and opened it. Inside was a pendant with a wolf and arrows on it. A symbol that matched the one on her book almost exactly. With wonder in her eyes, she pulled it out to get a better look at it.

"It's a family heirloom. Meaning...Allison doesn't have one. This one's just for you, kiddo." Kate smiled, hoping that would add more incentive for Haven to forgive her. "So...forgiven?"

Haven held the pendant in her hand and nodded, "Forgiven." Of course that was a downright lie, but this pendant meant something. It meant answers. If pretending to play nice with Kate would get her more of them, then she was going to play along. To make it more convincing Haven smiled and gave Kate a hug, "I love it. Thank you."

Kate hugged her niece in return then said, "Hey, you see the symbol in the middle there? If you ever want to learn more about your family...you should look it up."

Haven put on her most curious expression possible with a smile. "I am most intrigued."

Kate hip bumped her niece a little, "I thought you might."

"You're going to make me work for it, aren't you?" Haven asked and her aunt grinned.

Kate took the pendant from Haven's hands and put it around her head, "Some mysteries are worth figuring out on your own."

Haven smiled again, then said, "I better get to school."

"See you later, Mini Me." Kate winked at her niece as she backed out of the room. Seeing Allison in the hall, she gave her other niece a wink with a whole new meaning. Allison's plan to let Haven in on the family secret had just taken off.

Haven was still in her room when this occurred, so she missed it. She was too busy getting the book of lore that she bought from that old store a bit back. Haven just had to make sure that the symbols were the same and they were. After slipping the book in her bag she headed out into the hall.

Allison and her sister just about collided into one another. "Hey." Allison adjusted her bag, "How's it going?"

"Fine." Haven replied, adjusting her own bag. "Look, Alli...I'm sorry. It's just been..." Haven figured she might as well make as

many patches as she could since Kate was hinting towards the family secret. The better terms she was on with people the more likely she was to learn what they knew.

Allison held up her hands, "Say no more. You're going through something and I need to be respectful of that. Just know I'm always here for you sis. No matter what."

Haven smiled, "I know. And hey, Happy Birthday."

Allison returned her sister's smile, "Happy Birthday to you too."

Gesturing to the stairs Haven said, "I better get going, I'm going to walk to school." On that note, she headed down the stairs.

Her plan of walking was cut short when a set of car keys was thrown towards her by her father. Haven caught them easily enough then asked, "What's this?"

"Your mother and I talked. If you're not going to abide by curfew then we don't want you riding around town on your bike. If you swear you'll be careful this time, it's yours." Chris opened the front door to reveal the black Ford Escape in the driveway. "Happy early birthday."

Haven's eyes went wide and her jaw dropped a bit. Much like Scott's had the night before. "Are you kidding me?"

"No." Chris replied. "You were right, Haven. There have been a lot of times when you've been put on the back burner and that's not right. This car isn't a bribe, just for the record. We just want you to know that we love you and we trust you. Happy Birthday."

Haven had to remind herself why she was angry with her family in that moment. If for a second she had forgotten, she might not have been so quick to get her head back on track. Hiding her anger and betrayal, while suppressing the feelings she got from his words and the gift, she said, "I love you too dad. Thanks." She gave her father a kiss on the cheek before using the remote to unlock her car and made her way to it.

"Not a bribe my ass." Kate spoke as she walked over to Chris.

"Oh be quiet." Chris replied, closing the door but he waited until Haven had driven off before closing it completely.

* * *

><p>At school Haven went straight to her locker and jumped when balloons shot out of it. "Allison." She pressed her head against her locker and tried to return the helium filled orbs back inside. Haven finally gave up and just let them soar out as she read the card that was there as well. "Happy Birthday Twinsie!" She read aloud and rolled her eyes. Of course Haven had something for Allison for their birthday, but that was bought long before the revelation. Something Haven made sure that was already stuck in Allison's locker, just because.

"It's your birthday?" Haven heard Scott ask as he approached.

"Yep." She replied, closing the locker door.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Scott further inquired.

"Besides the fact that I'm seventeen? There's been a lot going on." Haven saw the look on Scott's face when she said that and rolled her eyes at it. "That's the face I was trying to avoid."

Scott quickly wiped that look off his face. "I didn't know but I get it. You had to repeat a year from moving around so much, right?"

Haven smiled and gave him a kiss, "Thank you so much for coming to the correct conclusion. If one more person asked me if I had a baby and that's why I had to repeat, I just might have punched someone."

"People really ask you that on your birthday?" Scott hated that she heard that on her birthday.

"All day." Haven ran her hand through her hair with a sigh. What Scott said next actually surprised her.

"How about we get out of here? The whole day." Scott wanted to give her a birthday that she'd enjoy.

Haven grinned from ear to ear like the Cheshire Cat, "You want to skip class? The whole day?" She bit her lip with a smile, nudging him, "I do declare McCall, I think I'm rubbing off on you." The pair shared a laugh before taking each other's hand and going out the doors.

"Oh!" Haven exclaimed once they were outside, "We can take my new car." She wiggled her keys and led the way.

"Since when do you have a car?" Scott asked with a 'holy shit' tone.

"Since this morning. My dad said it's not a bribe, but it totally is." Haven got in the car quickly with Scott getting in the passenger seat beside her. "Oh and that's not the only thing. I think Kate believes it's time for me to be let in on the family secret." After receiving a questioning look from Scott, she said, "I'll fill you in on the way...which leads me to..where are we going?"

"I'll direct. You talk." Scott replied, smiling.

Haven laughed, "Alrighty." and pulled out of the parking lot.

* * *

><p>On the drive to wherever it was they were going, Scott got a call from Stiles. "Putting you on speaker." Scott informed him.<p>

"What? Why am I being put on speaker? I hate being put on speaker because I never know who's listening and that means I have to watch what I say and I suck at doing that!" Stiles' voice was coming out from the phone a mile a minute.

"Stilinski, chill. It's just me and Scott. What's going on?" Haven spoke as she drove, doing her best not to laugh at Scott's hyperactive spazz of a friend.

"What's going on? Lydia is MIA, Jackson looks like he has a time bomb attached to his face, another random person has been killed and you need to do something about it!" Once again, Stiles' voice was fast paced to the point where Haven almost didn't catch it all.

"Okay, Stiles, jeeze, I'll deal with it later." Scott replied before ending the phone call. When their turn came up, Scott called out "Left! Left, left, left!"

Haven quickly turned onto the road and shot out her hand to hold Scott against the seat. It took her a moment to realize what she had done. "Oh, wow. I'm sorry about that. I totally went all soccer mom on you."

Scott chuckled, "No worries. I'll just pick up my masculinity on the way back."

Haven pressed her lips together as she smiled, trying to hold back her laughter but her eyes were beaming with it.

Scott waved his hand and said, "Go ahead before you break something."

She couldn't hold it in any longer and burst out laughing until she pulled over where directed. They walked on a path for a bit before she said, "I'm sorry for laughing at you. I don't really have a filter for my sense of humor, I guess."

"Don't apologize for that. It's one of the things I like about you." Scott stopped walking, causing Haven to as well. "It still boggles my mind that you like me at all."

"I feel the same way. And by that I mean it boggles my mind that you like me at all." In all honesty, she couldn't wrap her mind around it. "I'm glad you do though." She took a step forward and brought her lips to his. This kiss was different than the others they had shared, somehow. It just felt like it meant...more. When their lips parted, they both smiled at each other.

"Come on." Scott took her hand in his and led the way. Haven had already given him the gist of what happened that morning with Kate, the pendant matching the book, and the hinting. He didn't want to get into it right then because he just wanted them to enjoy the day.

They resumed their hike and while climbing up some rocks, Haven lost her footing and slipped. Scott was quick to catch onto her and bring her up with him to solid footing. Haven held onto his arm and laughed, "I think you got your masculinity back."

Scott smiled and moved some hair out of her face before kissing her softly again. When their lips parted, he smirked, "It wounded your pride a little, huh?"

"Oh shut up." Haven replied, playfully pushing his shoulder a bit before getting back to their hike.

When they reached a stream Haven got a wicked idea. In the middle of their attempt to cross it over the rocks...she tripped him.

Scott waved his arms to try and keep his balance but ended up falling backwards in the shallow water. Haven couldn't contain her laughter even through all her 'I'm sorries'.

Scott gave her a 'haha' look and held out his hand, "The least you can do is help me up."

She took a deep breath then took his hand in hers. Haven really should have seen this coming because instead of getting up out of the water, Scott pulled her down right next to him. A loud gasp escaped her lips as she splashed in the water and this time it was Scott who had uncontrollable laughter.

After a bit of a splashing match and a kiss to make up they continued on their way. This forest was so beautiful and serene. And when they reached a bridge, Haven stopped halfway through and looked around with a relaxed smile upon her face. She hadn't felt this at peace in such a long time.

The conversation they had on that bridge were ones to remember. They talked about so much in their time together. Everything ranging from family, to school, and things in between. Haven hadn't opened herself to anyone like this before, but even so...she felt like there was someone else she talked to like this but couldn't remember who it was.

That feeling brought Haven to confessing that she had no idea how she got to the Hale House that night she found out about the werewolves. They figured it had to be some sort of weird sleepwalking, and while Haven did agree, she couldn't help but feel like it was something more.

When it was time to continue on, Haven hopped on Scott's back and smiled.

"Spider monkey." He teased and Haven gasped.

"I warned you!" She exclaimed and started giving him a nuggie before tickling his ribs. The tickling brought Scott to his knees and Haven down along with him. They laughed loudly as they laid on the ground next to each other. "I haven't laughed this much in so long." Haven admitted with a smile on her face that just wouldn't go away.

"Me neither." Scott smiled at her as well. "So, a happy birthday?"

"Definitely." Haven gave Scott a quick peck on the cheek before rising to her feet with Scott right behind her.

* * *

><p>By the time they got back to the car it was dark out and getting cold. Haven started up the car and said, "We're going to be in so much trouble but it's so worth it." Haven froze a little, metaphorically speaking, when she used the word trouble in a sentence. She couldn't shake the feeling that it just meant

something...more.<p>

"Hey. Are you okay?" Scott sensed a change in her, but couldn't place what it was.

Haven was pulled out of her little trance by his words. "Yeah, sorry. I don't know what that was about." She shook her head a little.

"You're lying." Scott replied, "I can hear it in your heartbeat."

She slouched in her seat a little, "I...I just feel like that word, trouble, has a different meaning for me or something. I don't know. It's like dejavu...but not...I don't know how to explain it." She looked over at Scott and joked, "Congrats. You're dating a crazy person."

Scott grinned from ear to ear as he leaned closer to her, "I like crazy." After whispering those words, he kissed her softly.

"Good." Haven replied with a smirk and kissed him once more before putting the car into gear. When she saw the time, her eyes went wide, "Uh...Scott...aren't you supposed to be at the teacher conferences tonight?"

Scott looked at the clock and fell back into his seat, "Yes. Crap!"

"Don't worry. I'll get you there." Haven smirked and pulled onto the dirt road with a bit more speed than she should have.

Scott gripped onto the car in any place he could as she sped down the road through the trees. "Uh...Haven...maybe you should slow down a little?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Haven asked with a wiggle to her eyebrows and put her foot on the gas just a little bit more. This wouldn't be her first time driving like this. After all, it wasn't normal circumstances where she totaled her first car.

"You're trying to kill me...I'm going to die...I'm sorry for calling you a spider monkey!" Scott exclaimed as Haven screeched onto the main road.

Haven shook her head and slowed down a bit, but still more than the speed limit. "Better?"

"I think my heart went into my throat and went back down to my chest." Scott was a bit dramatic with his reply.

She looked at him teasingly, "Don't worry, you'll heal."

* * *

><p>Haven pulled into the parking lot far later than she had planned, but they would have gotten there quicker if Scott would have let her break more traffic laws. Something she pointed out before their arrival. As soon as the car stopped the teens saw their parents all talking together. "We're dead."<p>

"Don't blame it on the spider monkey." Scott tried to make light of the situation, but yeah, it wasn't working.

"Can we just drive off until the sun rises?" Haven was willing to do anything to avoid the impending conversations.

"I wish." Scott replied and with a deep breath, they exited the car.

"You're mom looks scary. I mean that in the best way." Haven commented as Melissa McCall stormed over to them with Haven's own parents right behind.

Melissa took Scott aside to talk with him and Chris looked beyond pissed at her. "I tell you that we trust you, give you a car for your birthday, and this is how you repay us? By skipping school all day and turning off your phone?"

Their scoldings were cut short when everyone in the parking lot started screaming and running to their cars. Haven looked at Scott in question, but he didn't have an answer so they walked away together to try and see what the hell had everyone scrambling around in fear.

Haven pulled her blade from her boot and slid it up her sleeve before splitting up from Scott to see if she could get a better view of whatever it was that was running around. She was so focused on finding the thing that she didn't even realize that a car was coming towards her until she heard Scott cry out, "Haven!" The next thing she knew, Scott had pushed her out of the way of the car.

"Are you okay?" Scott looked her over to make sure she wasn't injured anywhere.

Haven nodded with a grateful smile, "Thanks to you, Superman." They pressed their foreheads together and closed their eyes, thankful that they were together and alright. When Haven saw her mom rushing over, she quickly took the blade from her sleeve and put it back in her boot.

"Haven? Are you alright?" Victoria was so worried for her daughter's well being.

"I'm fine, mom." Haven replied, "Thanks to Scott."

Victoria held her daughter close and said a quick "Thank you" to Scott for saving her daughter. She released Haven from her grasp and started looking around for Chris.

When gunshots rang out through the parking lot, Scott stood in front of Haven protectively. It took a few moments to realize that it was Haven's father who had fired the shots. "What did he shoot?" Haven whispered.

"I have no idea." He replied and took her hand so they could see what it was together.

Everyone else in the parking lot wanted to see it too. It wasn't what Haven expected it to be. She thought it was the Alpha but it was

just...a mountain lion. Haven held onto Scott's arm and looked at him in silent conversation.

Scott was thinking the same thing that she was and his face said it. They both looked at Chris who faced them in return. Nothing was spoken during this silent exchanged and yet so much was suspected. And deep down...Haven knew she was right.

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><p>End Episode 5<p>

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